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DYNAMITE

1
SHOT

THE Shadow

PHIL HESTER IVAN RODRIGUEZ



DEATH FACTORY

THE

**YEAR
ONE
OMNIBUS**



**"IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER
THAN THIS. HIGHEST POSSIBLE
RECOMMENDATION!" – SCIFIPULSE**

**"THIS IS THE WAY TO DO AN ORIGIN
STORY!" – COMIC BOOK THERAPY**

**THE ENTIRE 10-ISSUE SERIES
COLLECTED IN ONE GIANT, 304-PAGE
VOLUME ALONG WITH A COMPLETE
COVER GALLERY FEATURING THE
ART OF ALEX ROSS, MATT WAGNER,
HOWARD CHAYKIN, CHRIS SAMNEE,
AND WILFREDO TORRES!**

**WRITTEN BY MATT
WAGNER**
**ART BY WILFREDO
TORRES**

HARDCOVER IN STORES IN FEBRUARY

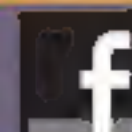
**ALL
HARDCOVERS
COME SIGNED
BY MATT
WAGNER!**

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THE Shadow

DEATH FACTORY

WRITTEN BY **PHIL HESTER**

ART BY **IVAN RODRIGUEZ**

COLORS BY **IMPACTO STUDIOS**

LETTERS BY **ROB STEEN**

COVER BY **PHIL HESTER**

SPECIAL THANKS TO **JERRY BIRENZ, ANTHONY TOLLIN AND MICHAEL USLAN**
THE SHADOW CREATED BY **WALTER B. GIBSON**

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YOU DON'T NEED SPECIAL
POWERS OF PERCEPTION TO
KNOW WHAT EVIL LURKS IN
THE HEARTS OF MEN.



IT DOESN'T LURK.



IT WALKS ACROSS
THEIR FACES.



IT STANDS ON
THEIR SHOULDERS.




IT LEAPS FROM THEIR
OPEN MOUTHS.



MEN DON'T HIDE
THEIR EVIL AT ALL.



THEY BURNISH IT TO A
HIGH SHINE AND SET IT IN
THEIR FRONT WINDOWS.



THEY PRUNE AND FEED IT
TO KEEP IT IN BLOOM.



KROOM



THEY JUST DON'T
CALL IT EVIL.

BUT I KNOW.

HAHAHAHAHA!



THE SHADOW
KNOWS.

HAHA--



HA.





"THE SHADOW KNOWS?"



YOU REALLY SAY THAT SORT OF THING?



YOU OUGHTTA RIDE HERD ON THIS MAXWELL GRANT GUY. I GOTTA TELL YOU, SOMETIMES THESE STORIES GET PRETTY WEIRD.



I MEAN, IN THE LAST ISSUE THEY SAID YOU COULD TURN INVISIBLE AND WALK UP WALLS.

AND LOOK AT THIS ONE. IT SAYS YOU SHOT A GUY SO MANY TIMES YOU SAWED HIS BODY IN HALF BEFORE IT HIT THE GROUND.

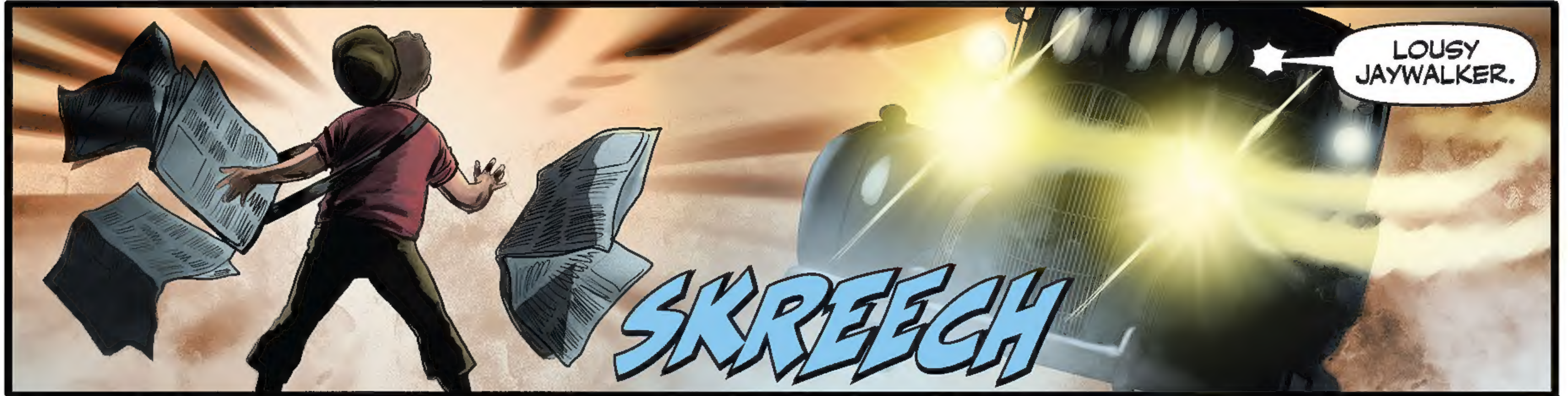


TRUE OR NOT, THE FABLES SERVE MY PURPOSE.

AS LONG AS THEY'RE SUFFICIENTLY GRUESOME.



HAHA. WELL, YOU'RE IN GOOD SHAPE THERE. ON THE STREET THEY TREAT THIS TRASH LIKE IT'S THE TIMES.



LOUSY JAYWALKER.

SKREECH



ARE YOU SURE YOU SHOULD BE READING AND DRIVING AT THE SAME TIME, SHREVVY?

OH, THIS IS NOTHING. I GOT THROUGH *WAR AND PEACE* GOING CROSSTOWN THE OTHER MORNING.

IT'S ALL IN THE PERIPHERALS, YOU KNOW?



WHERE DOES IRISH TOM FLOP THESE DAYS?

OH, SOME BOARDING HOUSE IN HELL'S KITCHEN. MRS. KENNEDY'S PLACE, I THINK. THAT WHERE WE'RE HEADED?



YES. THE STOOLIE GAVE ME BUM INFORMATION.

BAD FOR THE STOOLIE, HUH?



WE'LL SEE.

DO YOU STILL HAVE THAT FIRE AX IN THE TRUNK, SHREVVY?



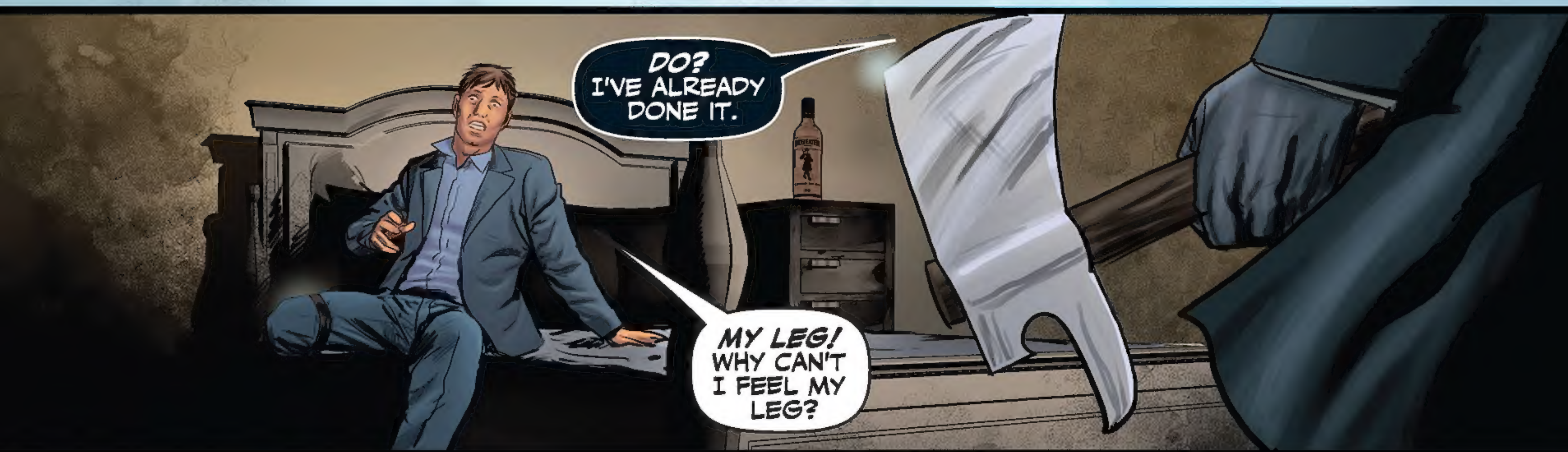
YOU'RE A
SOUND SLEEPER,
TOM.



SLEPT RIGHT
THROUGH ALL MY
HARD WORK.

**THE
SHADOW!**

WHA--WHAT
DO YOU MEAN
TO DO WITH
THAT AX?



DO?
I'VE ALREADY
DONE IT.

MY LEG!
WHY CAN'T
I FEEL MY
LEG?



THAT'S FUNNY. I FEEL
YOUR LEG JUST
FINE.

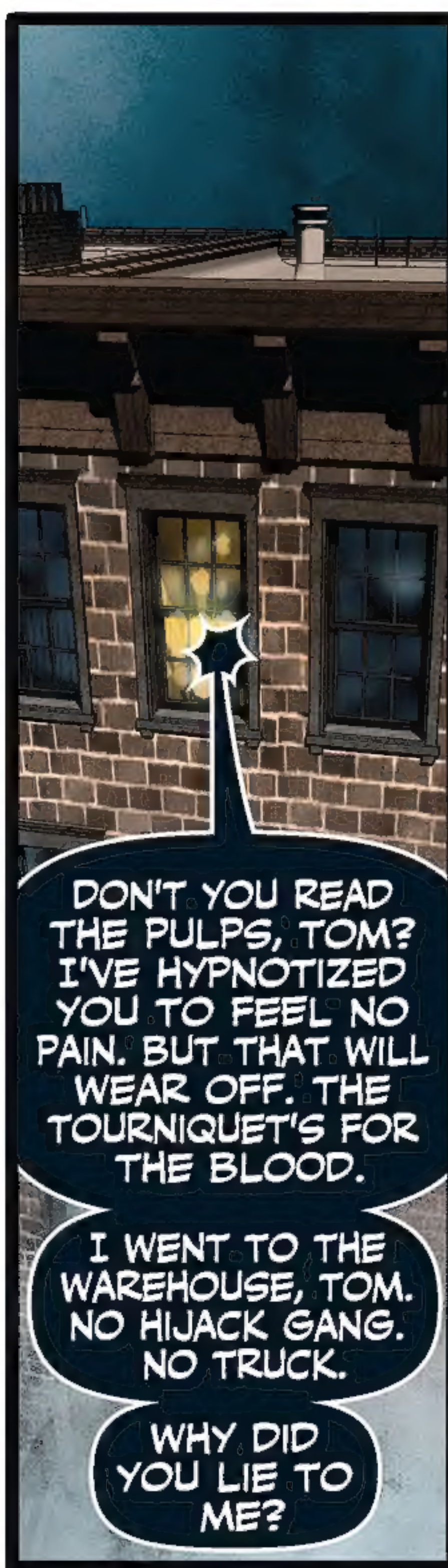
AWWW,
GOD--NO!

YOU STOLE FROM
ME, TOM. YOUR BAD
INFORMATION COST ME
AN ENTIRE NIGHT'S
WORK.



I TOOK
THIS AS
PAYMENT.

IT--IT
DON'T HURT.
WHY DON'T
IT HURT?



DON'T YOU READ
THE PULPS, TOM?
I'VE HYPNOTIZED
YOU TO FEEL NO
PAIN. BUT THAT WILL
WEAR OFF. THE
TOURNQUET'S FOR
THE BLOOD.

I WENT TO THE
WAREHOUSE, TOM.
NO HIJACK GANG.
NO TRUCK.

WHY DID
YOU LIE TO
ME?



I DIDN'T--
I SWEAR I
DIDN'T.

CAREFUL.
YOU STILL
HAVE ANOTHER
LEG.



THE ROMERO GANG MEETS AT THAT WAREHOUSE AFTER EVERY JOB, SPLITS UP THE GOODS, CHOPS THE TRUCK FOR PARTS. SOMETIMES TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK.

EXCEPT TONIGHT.



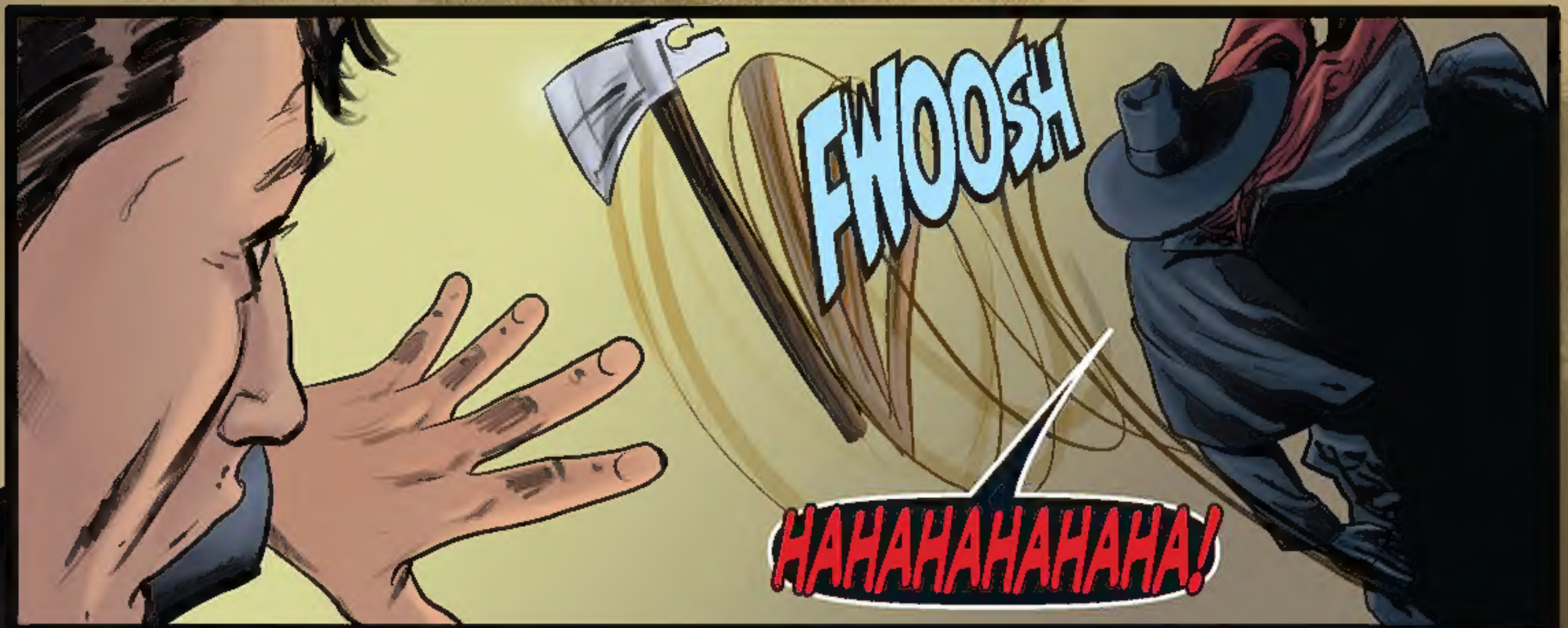
THAT'S THE THING, SHADOW. THE ROMERO GANG WASN'T THERE TONIGHT BECAUSE THE ROMERO GANG QUIT. EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM.

THEY WENT TO WORK AT THAT NEW CAR FACTORY. LOTS OF TOUGH GUYS HANGING UP THEIR BLACKJACKS FOR THAT PLACE.



SAY, THIS--THIS SPELL YOU PUT ME UNDER SO'S I DON'T FEEL NOTHING--WHEN'S IT WEAR OFF?

HA.



FWHOOSH

HAHAHAHAHAHA!



USE THAT TO CUT YOUR LEG FREE, IMBECILE. IT'S ASLEEP.

THE ANSONIA HOTEL, SHREVVY. I NEED TO SPEAK WITH JERICHO DRUKE.

OH, HE DON'T WORK THE DOOR THERE ANYMORE, BOSS. TOOK A FACTORY JOB, I HEAR.

YOU HEAR, WHY DIDN'T I HEAR?

WELL, YOU BEEN BUSY WITH THAT **VOODOO MASTER CAPER** UPSTATE--

AND WE DON'T EXACTLY HAVE REGULAR BOARD MEETINGS, YOU KNOW?

AND THIS FACTORY WOULD BE THE RICHTER AUTO PLANT ON RANDALLS ISLAND?

YEAH, HOW DID YOU KNOW? LOOK AT ME WONDERING. ACCORDING TO THIS RAG YOU CAN READ MINDS.

CITY'S CRAWLING WITH THESE NEW RICHTER JALOPIES.

IF FORD BUILDS CARS FOR THE WORKING MAN, RICHTER IS AIMING LOWER. PUTS HIS ONLY DEALERSHIP IN THE SLUMS.

HE HIRES LOWLIFES AND SELLS TO THE GREAT UNWASHED. LIKE HE'S GOING OUT OF HIS WAY TO BYPASS THE UPPER CRUST, HELL, THE MIDDLE CRUST.

AS FOR JERICHO, I DON'T KNOW WHAT WOULD MAKE A MAN QUIT A CAKE JOB LIKE DOORMAN TO GO SWEAT IN A FACTORY, BUT YOU CAN ASK HIM YOURSELF.

HE LIVES NEARBY, JUST OFF COLUMBUS CIRCLE.

I HEAR IT'S ACTUALLY A REALLY SWANK PLACE. NOT FROM HIM, OF COURSE. DRUKE IS A QUIET MAN FOR THE MOST PART.

UNLESS YOU COUNT THE SOUND OF BREAKING BONES, I GUESS.



HANG BACK, SHREVVY. LET THE MAN HANDLE HIS BUSINESS HIS WAY.

"BESIDES, IT'S ONLY TEN AGAINST ONE."



TAKE A WHITE MAN'S JOB AWAY, WILL YA?

WE'LL SHOW YOU WHERE YOU BELONG, DARKIE.



AND IT AIN'T AROUND HER--
KK-K!



HAHAHAHA!

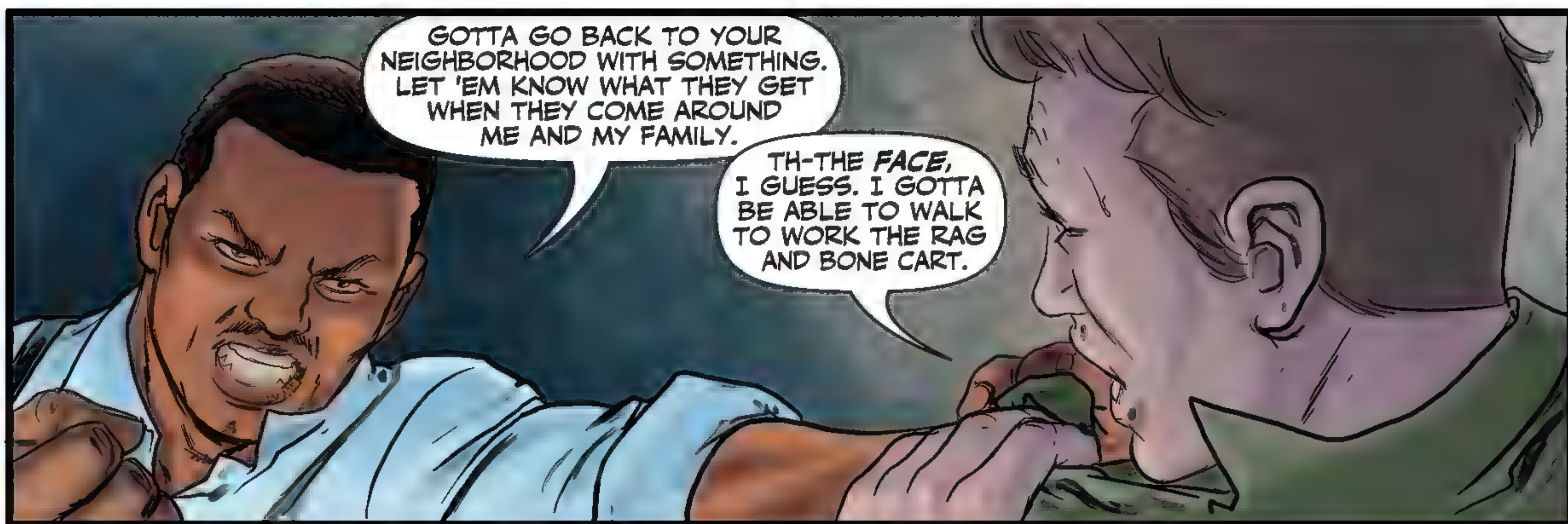
GAHH!

TURN
AROUND.
TAKE YOUR
MEDICINE.

L--LISTEN, FELLA.
I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING
BY IT. THE OTHER
GUYS--

THE OTHER
GUYS GOT BROKEN
BONES OR SPLIT
FACES. WHICH ONE
YOU WANT?

JESUS, MISTER!
I--I DON'T WANT
EITHER ONE.



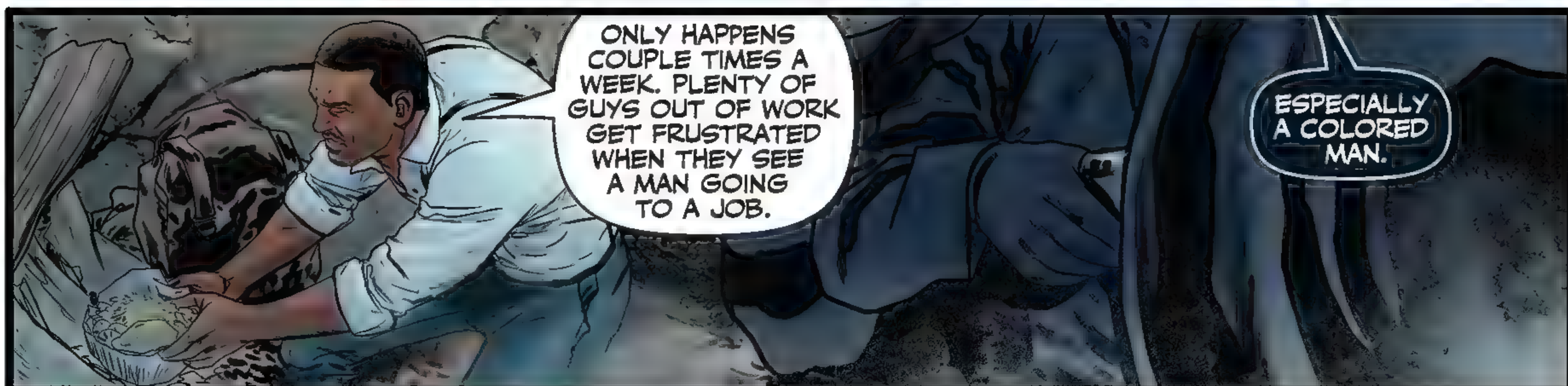
GOTTA GO BACK TO YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD WITH SOMETHING. LET 'EM KNOW WHAT THEY GET WHEN THEY COME AROUND ME AND MY FAMILY.

TH-THE *FACE*, I GUESS. I GOTTA BE ABLE TO WALK TO WORK THE RAG AND BONE CART.



GO ON HOME, KID. TAKE YOUR GANG WITH YOU.

YOU QUIT YOUR DOORMAN JOB FOR THIS?



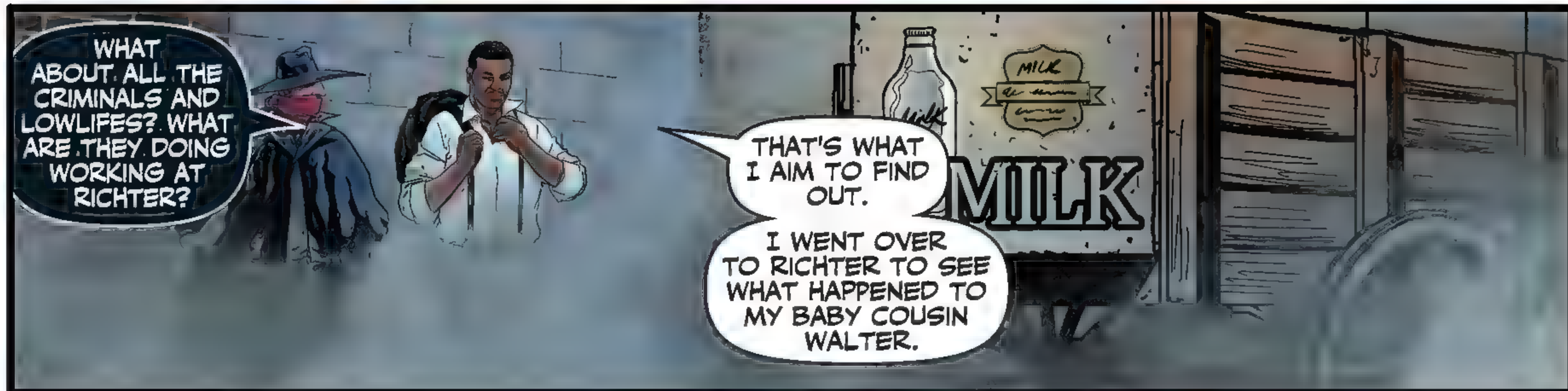
ONLY HAPPENS COUPLE TIMES A WEEK. PLENTY OF GUYS OUT OF WORK GET FRUSTRATED WHEN THEY SEE A MAN GOING TO A JOB.

ESPECIALLY A COLORED MAN.



I SUPPOSE. OR A CHINAMAN OR A GUINEA OR A MICK. PICK A SLUR.

LONG AS SOMEONE'S OUT OF WORK, THEY GOT TIME TO BUILD UP ANGER FOR ANYBODY.



WHAT ABOUT ALL THE CRIMINALS AND LOWLIFES? WHAT ARE THEY DOING WORKING AT RICHTER?

THAT'S WHAT I AIM TO FIND OUT.

I WENT OVER TO RICHTER TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED TO MY BABY COUSIN WALTER.



KID WAS ALWAYS TROUBLE. RAN NUMBERS FOR THE LONGSOCKS GANG UP IN HARLEM, PIMPED A LITTLE HERE AND THERE.

THE FAMILY WAS SURPRISED WHEN HE GOT ON AT RICHTER. NEVER FIGURED HIM FOR A STRAIGHT JOB, BUT HE SAID THE PAY WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

MY GRANNY STARTED TO BREATHE EASY ABOUT THE BOY.



UNTIL LAST WEEK WHEN HE DIDN'T COME HOME FROM HIS SHIFT. TURNS OUT A GOOD NUMBER OF THE CROOKS THAT GET ON AT RICHTER DROP OUT OF SIGHT NOT TOO LONG AFTER.

EVERYONE JUST ASSUMES THEY'RE DRINKING AWAY THEIR FIRST PAYCHECK.

AND WITH WALTER'S HISTORY, NOBODY WAS TOO EAGER TO GO LOOKING FOR HIM.



YOU COULD HAVE COME TO ME, JERICHO.

I DIDN'T EXPECT A MISSING PIMP WOULD RISE TO THE SHADOW'S ATTENTION.

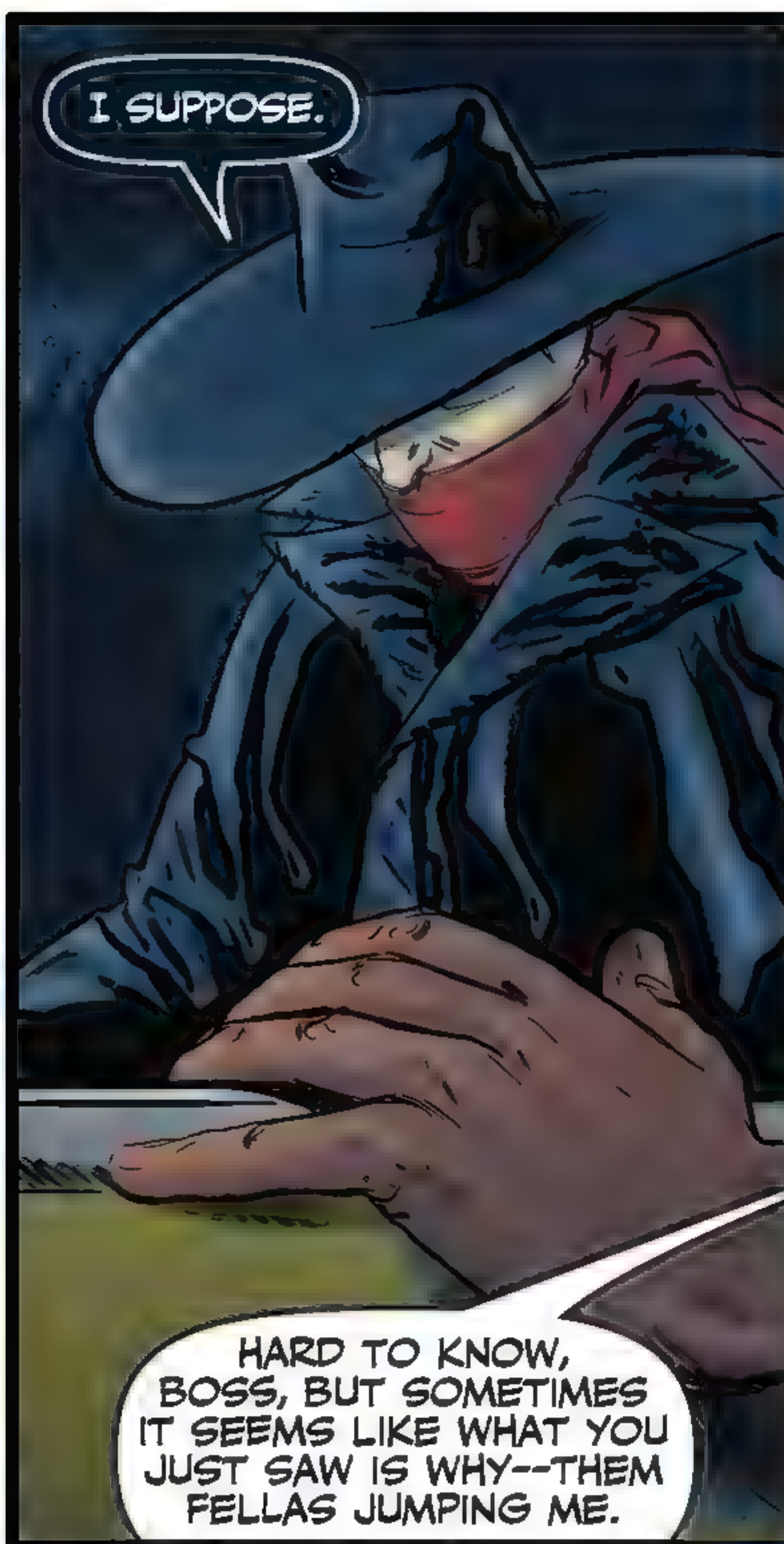
BESIDES, I TAKE CARE OF MY OWN.



THEN MAYBE WE CAN WORK TOGETHER. I NEED TO KNOW WHY SO MANY OF THE CITY'S CRIMINALS ARE SUDDENLY GOING STRAIGHT FOR THIS FACTORY JOB.

JUST. HOW IS RICHTER LURING THEM OFF THE STREET? AND WHY ISN'T HE RECRUITING ANY--WELL--

UPSTANDING WHITE FOLK?



I SUPPOSE.

HARD TO KNOW, BOSS, BUT SOMETIMES IT SEEMS LIKE WHAT YOU JUST SAW IS WHY--THEM FELLAS JUMPING ME.



SOME DAYS WE HAVE MORE FIGHTS OUTSIDE THE GATE THAN CARS ROLLING OFF THE LINE.

MAYBE HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, MAYBE HE DOES, BUT WHAT RICHTER MAKES BEST...

"IS HATE."

SORRY TO RUSH
YOU TWO, BUT WE'RE ABOUT
TO CLOSE FOR THE EVENING.
CAN I HELP YOU?

RICHTER AUTOS



I'M
LOOKING
TO BUY.

OF COURSE, BUT
I SHOULD WARN YOU,
OUR LATEST RICHTERS ARE
QUITE POPULAR. THERE'S A
WAITING LIST OUT TO
NEXT YEAR.



I'M NOT TALKING ABOUT THE CAR,
SIR. I'M TALKING ABOUT
THE *DEALERSHIP*.

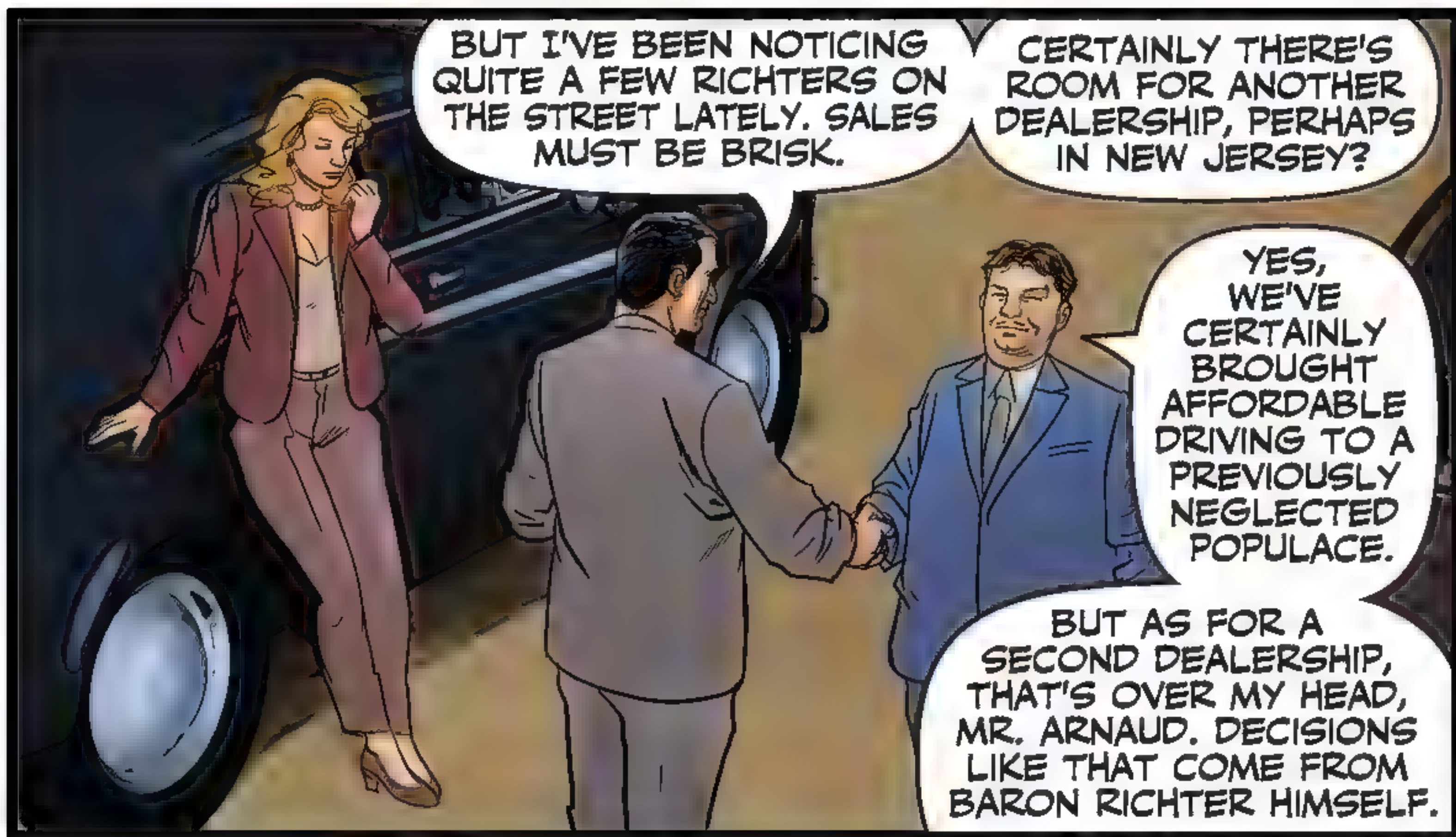
WELL, THAT'S
UNEXPECTED, BUT
CERTAINLY NICE TO
HEAR. MY NAME'S
WILSON, I OWN
THE PLACE.

I HATE TO
DISAPPOINT YOU,
MR.--?



ARNAUD.
HENRY ARNAUD.

YES, WELL,
AS I WAS SAYING,
THE OPERATION ISN'T
FOR SALE.



BUT I'VE BEEN NOTICING
QUITE A FEW RICHTERS ON
THE STREET LATELY. SALES
MUST BE BRISK.

CERTAINLY THERE'S
ROOM FOR ANOTHER
DEALERSHIP, PERHAPS
IN NEW JERSEY?

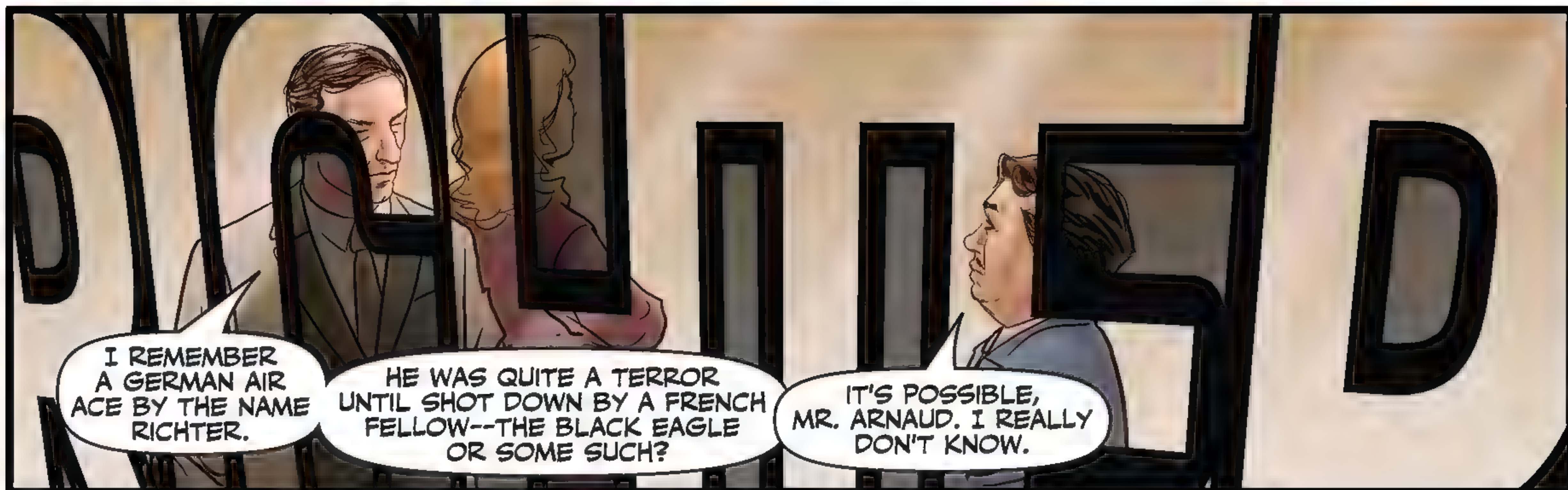
YES,
WE'VE
CERTAINLY
BROUGHT
AFFORDABLE
DRIVING TO A
PREVIOUSLY
NEGLECTED
POPULACE.

BUT AS FOR A
SECOND DEALERSHIP,
THAT'S OVER MY HEAD,
MR. ARNAUD. DECISIONS
LIKE THAT COME FROM
BARON RICHTER HIMSELF.



RICHTER. SOUNDS
GERMAN. I'VE HAD
BAD EXPERIENCES
WITH GERMANS.

THE
WAR AND
ALL.



I REMEMBER
A GERMAN AIR
ACE BY THE NAME
RICHTER.

HE WAS QUITE A TERROR
UNTIL SHOT DOWN BY A FRENCH
FELLOW--THE BLACK EAGLE
OR SOME SUCH?

IT'S POSSIBLE,
MR. ARNAUD. I REALLY
DON'T KNOW.



RICHTER WAS ONCE A GREAT SPORTSMAN,
BUT THE INJURIES HE SUFFERED TURNED
HIM AWAY FROM WAR AND
TOWARD INDUSTRY.

HE'S A REGULAR
HENRY FORD THESE
DAYS.



INTERESTING.
CARE FOR A
CIGARETTE?

DON'T
MIND IF I--



SAY, THAT RING IS QUITE
SOMETHING. WHAT KIND
OF A STONE IS THAT?



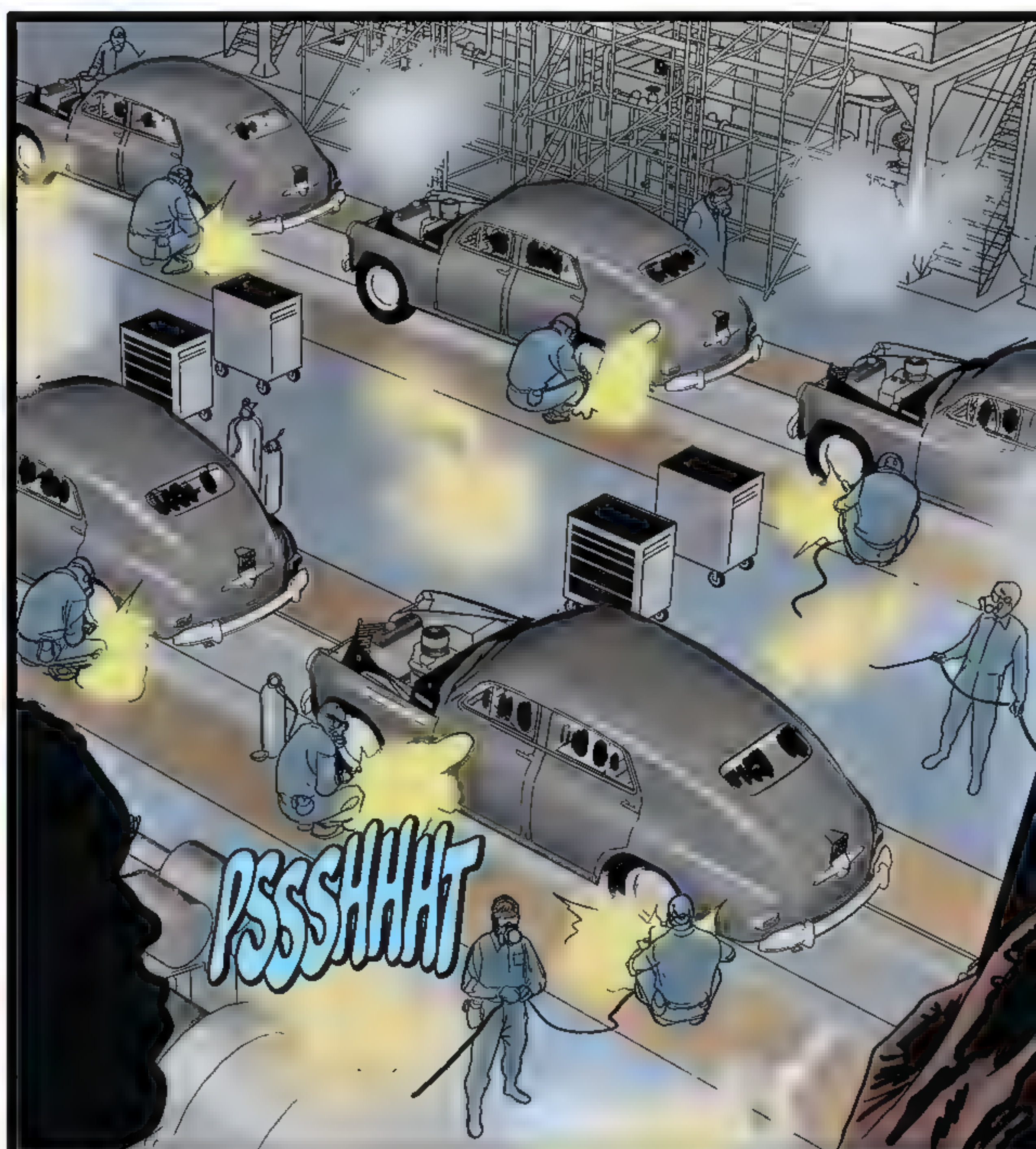
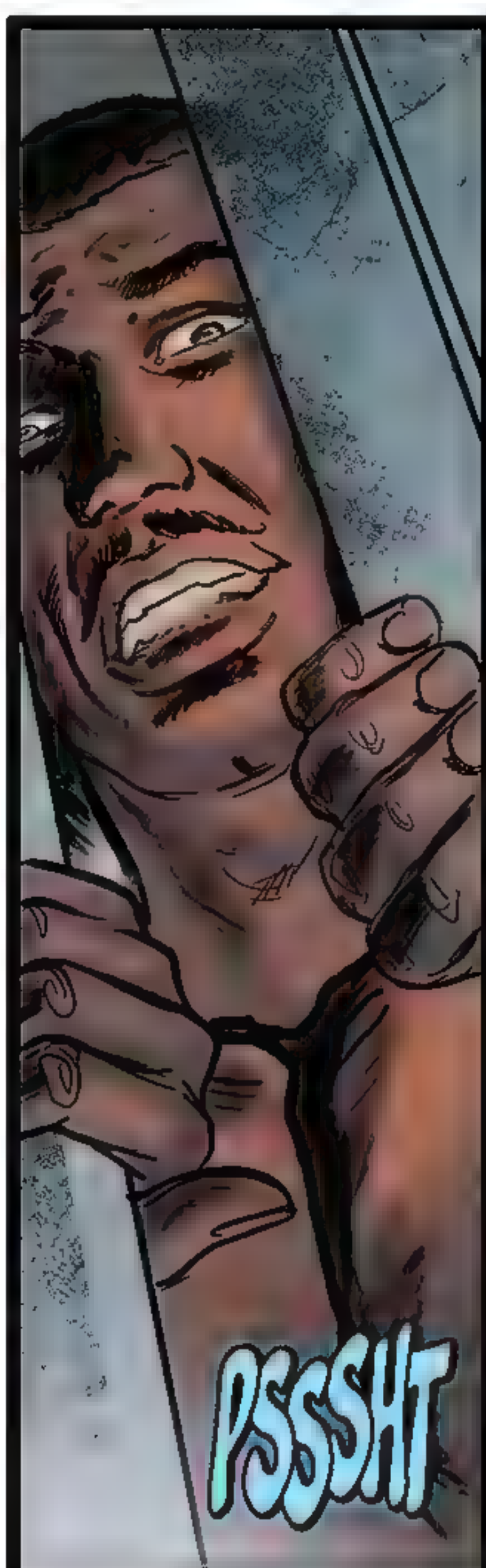
OH, *THIS* OLD
THING? I COULDN'T
TELL YOU, I'M AFRAID.
LEFT TO ME BY SOME
DEAD UNCLE,
I SUPPOSE.

DO YOU KNOW
ANYTHING ABOUT
PRECIOUS STONES?
FEEL FREE TO
STUDY IT.



MAYBE
YOU COULD
TELL ME.

TELL ME...
EVERYTHING.





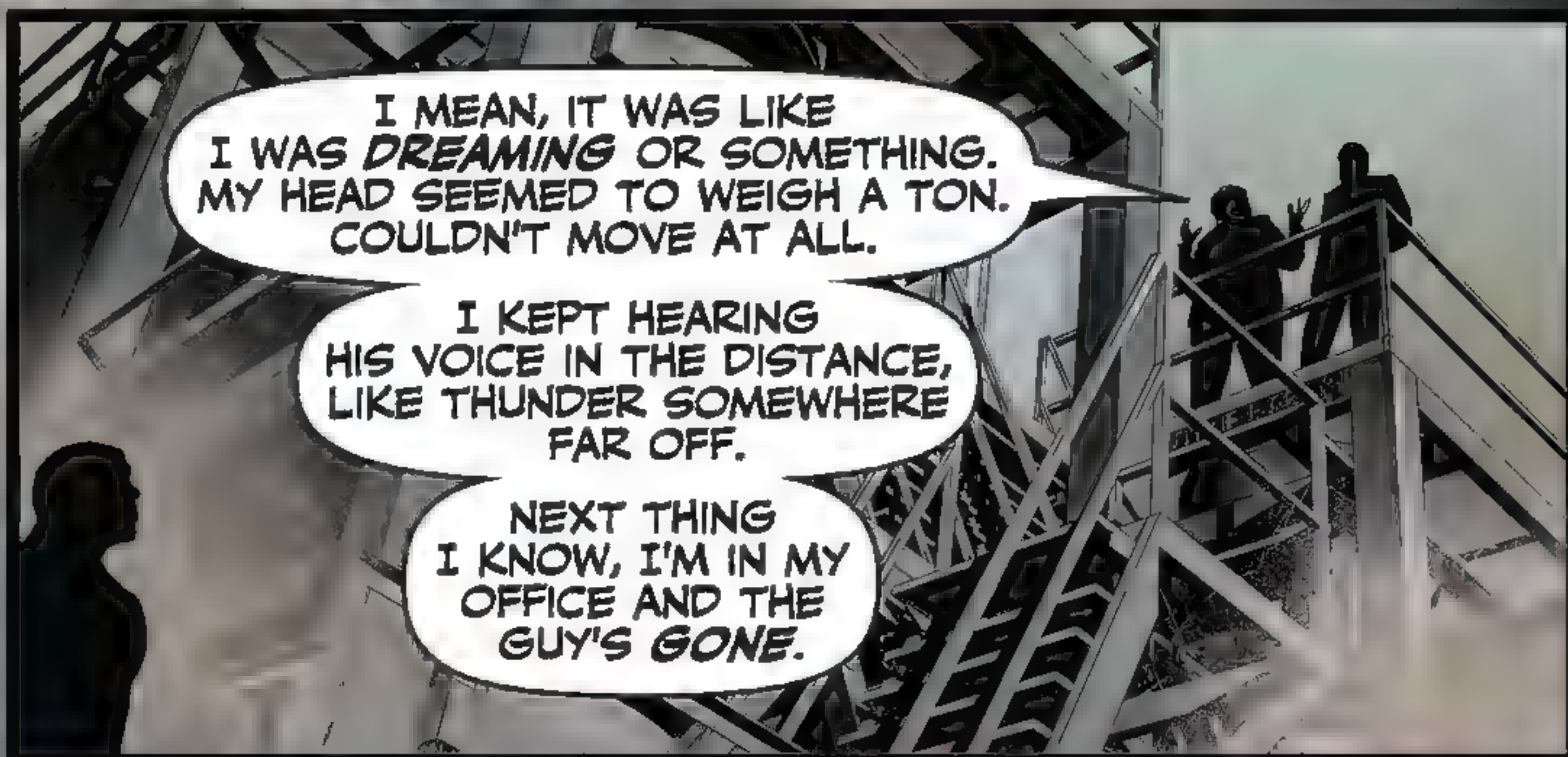
CAN'T THIS WAIT, WILSON?

NO, SIR, I DON'T THINK SO. SOME FELLOW CAME AROUND THE SHOWROOM ASKING QUESTIONS-- QUESTIONS ABOUT YOU.



AND WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?

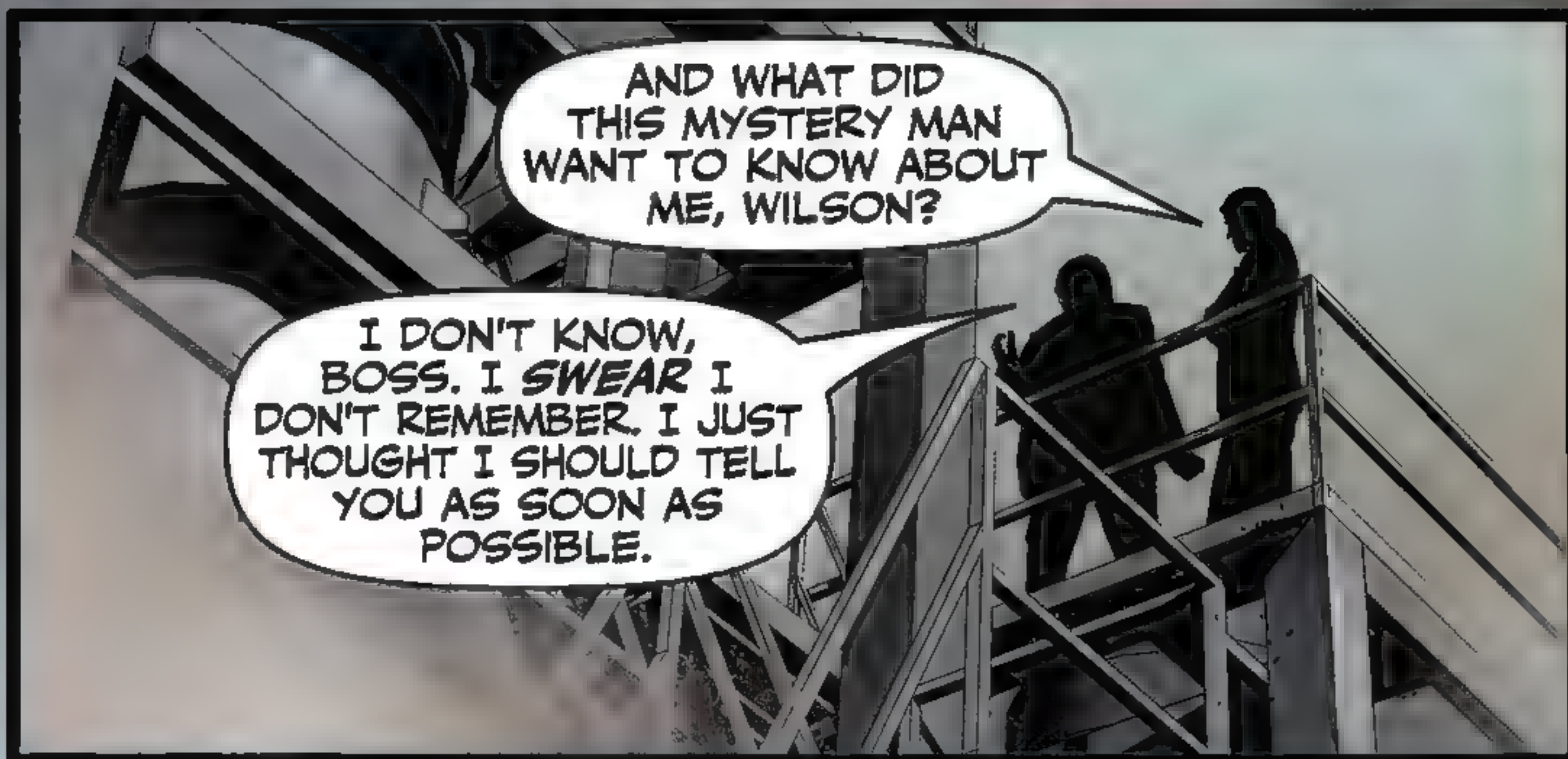
THAT'S JUST IT-- I DON'T KNOW. WE WERE TALKING ABOUT THE CARS WHEN ALL OF THE SUDDEN THINGS GOT FOGGY.



I MEAN, IT WAS LIKE I WAS *DREAMING* OR SOMETHING. MY HEAD SEEMED TO WEIGH A TON. COULDN'T MOVE AT ALL.

I KEPT HEARING HIS VOICE IN THE DISTANCE, LIKE THUNDER SOMEWHERE FAR OFF.

NEXT THING I KNOW, I'M IN MY OFFICE AND THE GUY'S GONE.



AND WHAT DID THIS MYSTERY MAN WANT TO KNOW ABOUT ME, WILSON?

I DON'T KNOW, BOSS. I *SWEAR* I DON'T REMEMBER. I JUST THOUGHT I SHOULD TELL YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.



CALM YOURSELF, WILSON. YOU DID THE RIGHT THING.

YOU REALIZE, OF COURSE, THAT MY OPERATION IS AT A *CRITICAL JUNCTURE*.

AND I CAN'T RISK SOMETHING LIKE THIS HAPPENING AGAIN.



WHRRR-KLUNK-WHRRR-KLUNK



EISENMANN!

DISPOSE OF HIM.



WHRRR-
KLUNK-
WHRRR-
KLUNK

NO!



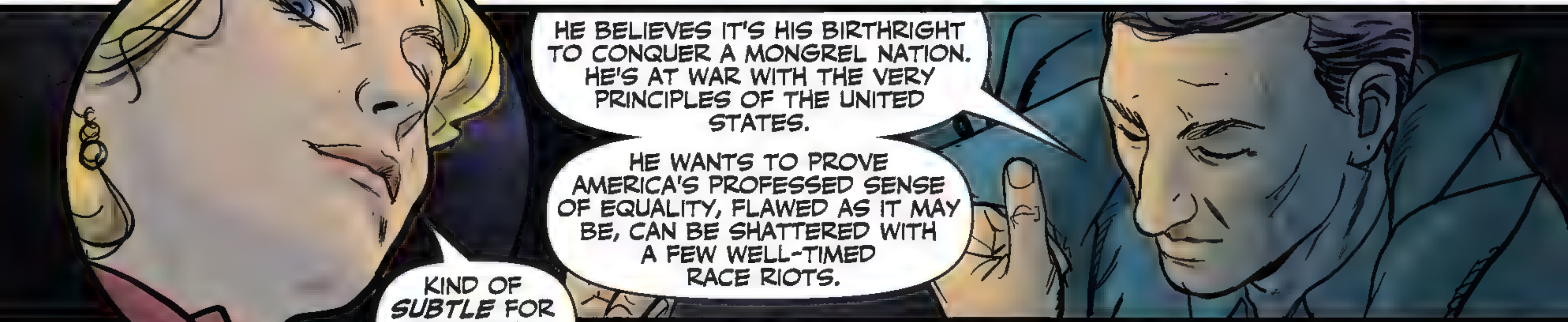
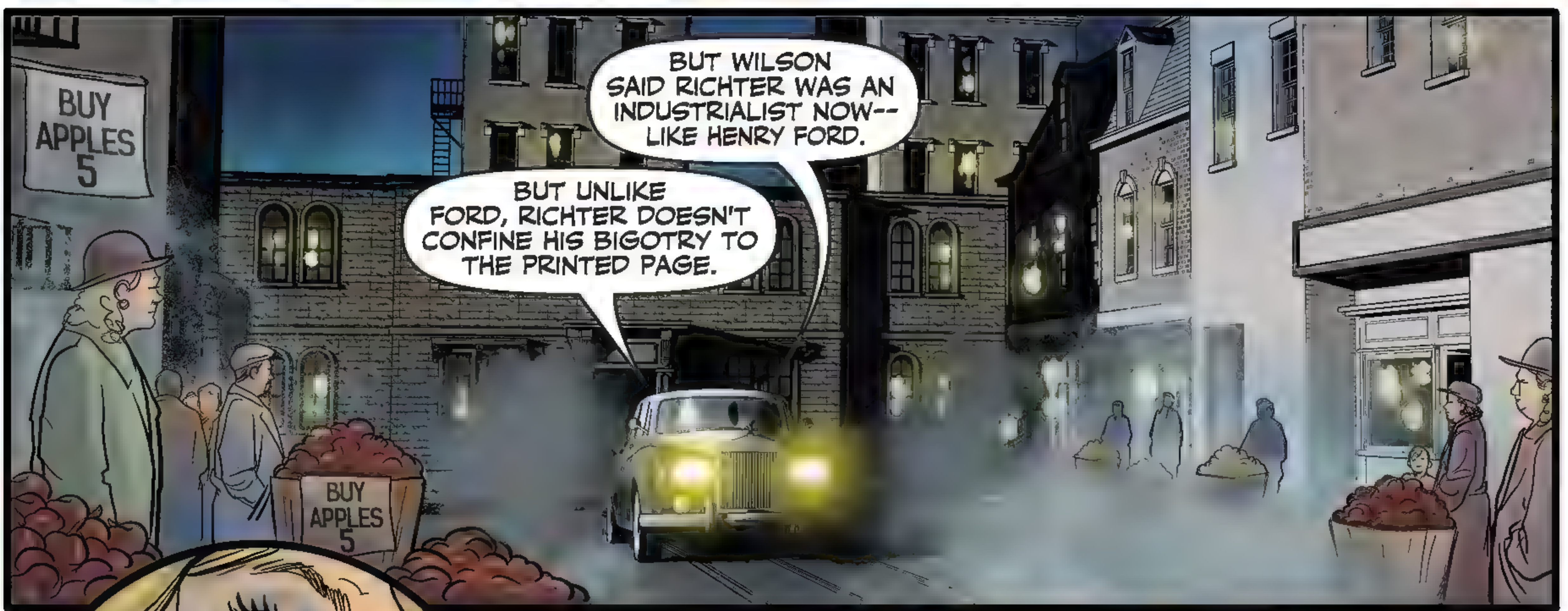
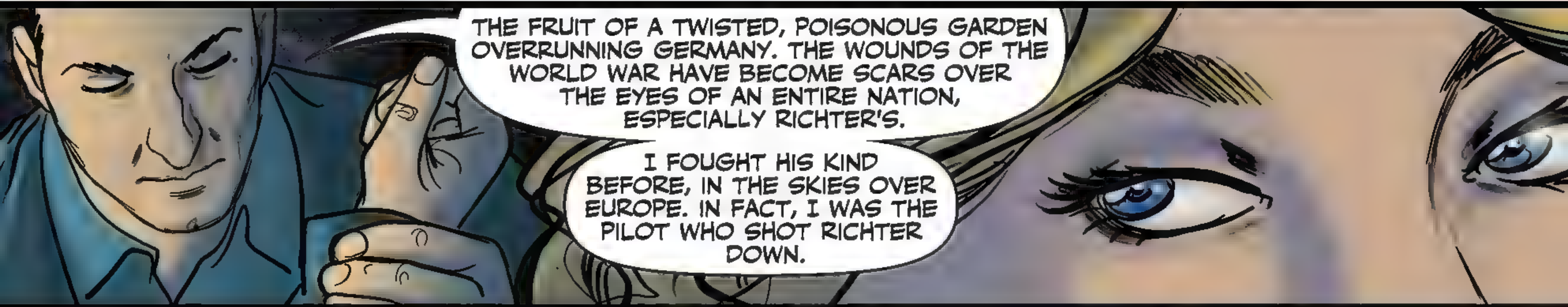
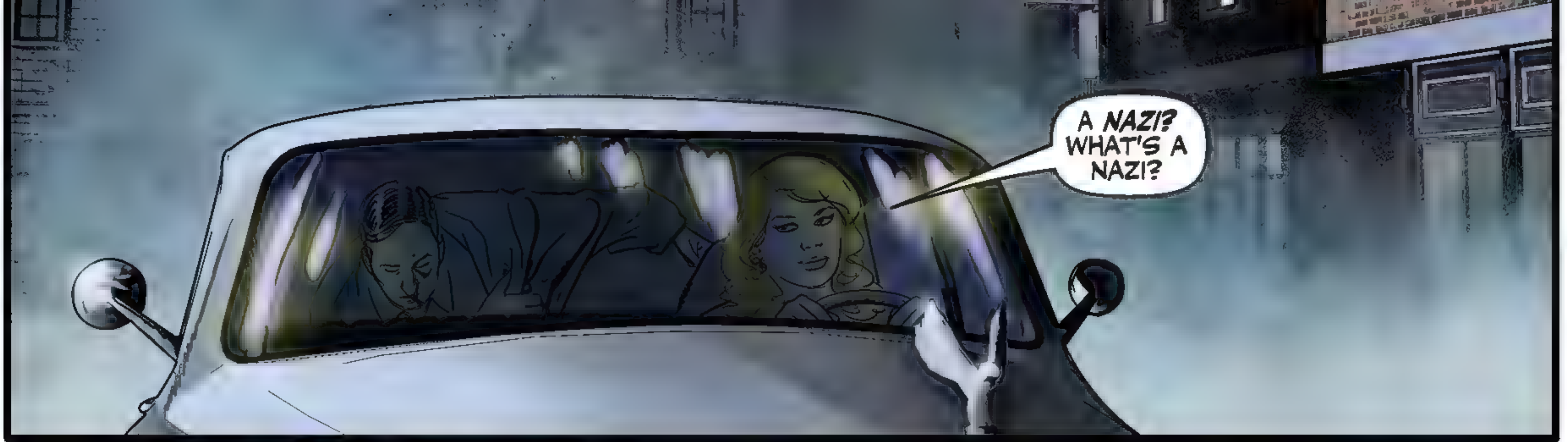
WHRRR-
KLUNK-
WHRRR-
KLUNK

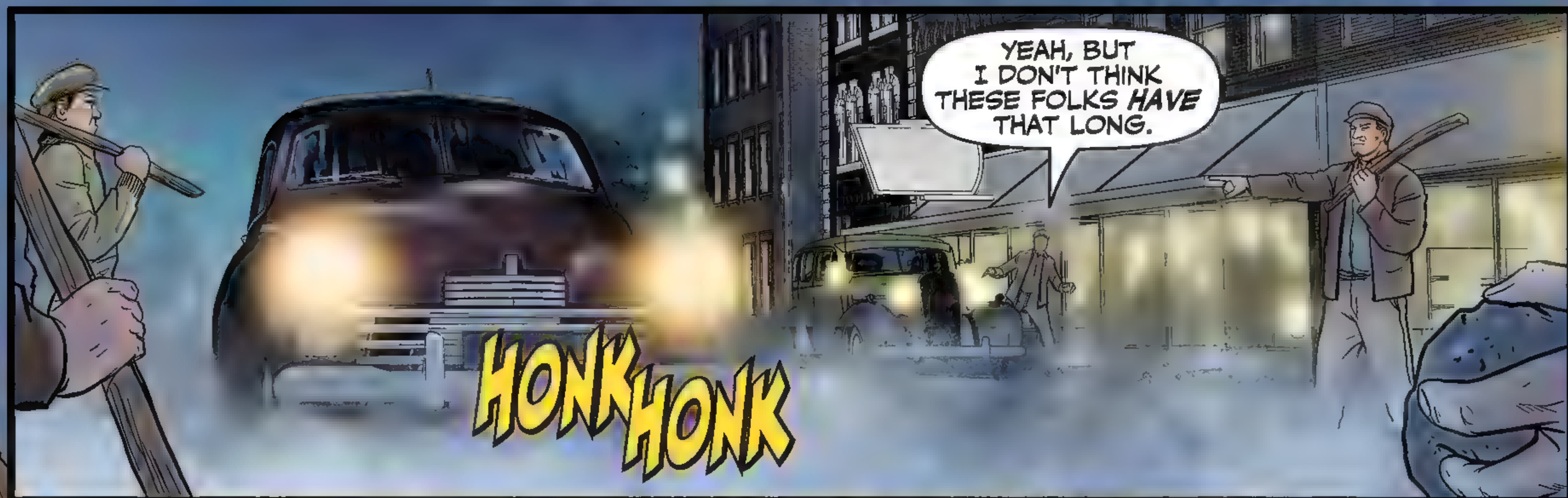
GOD,
PLEASE,
NO!

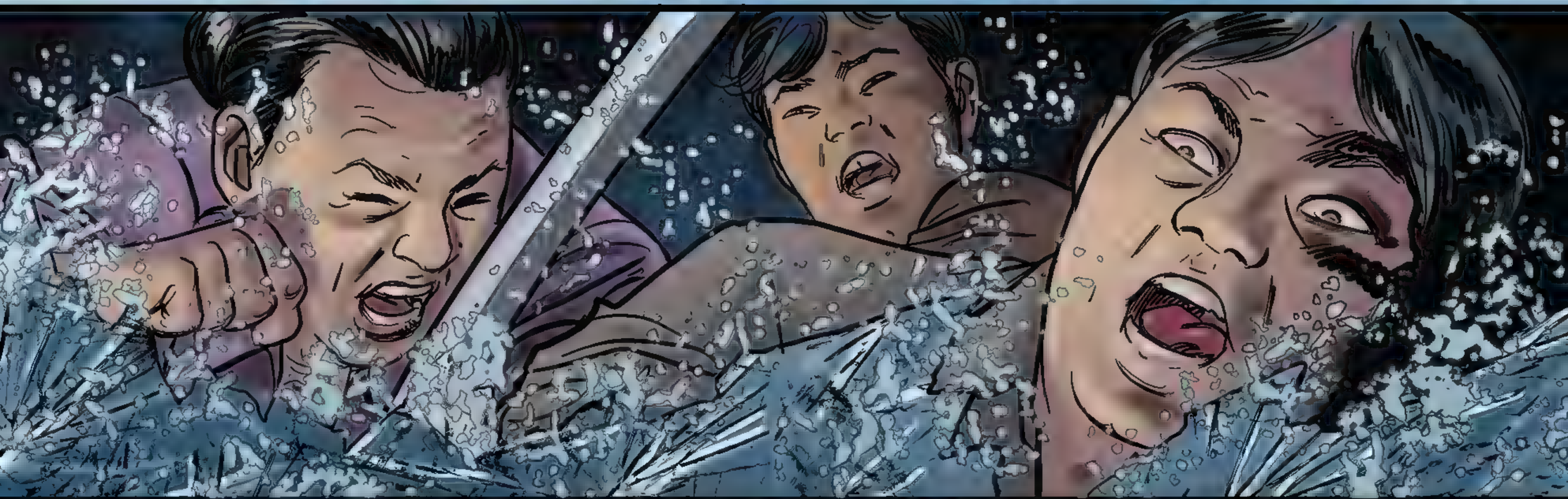
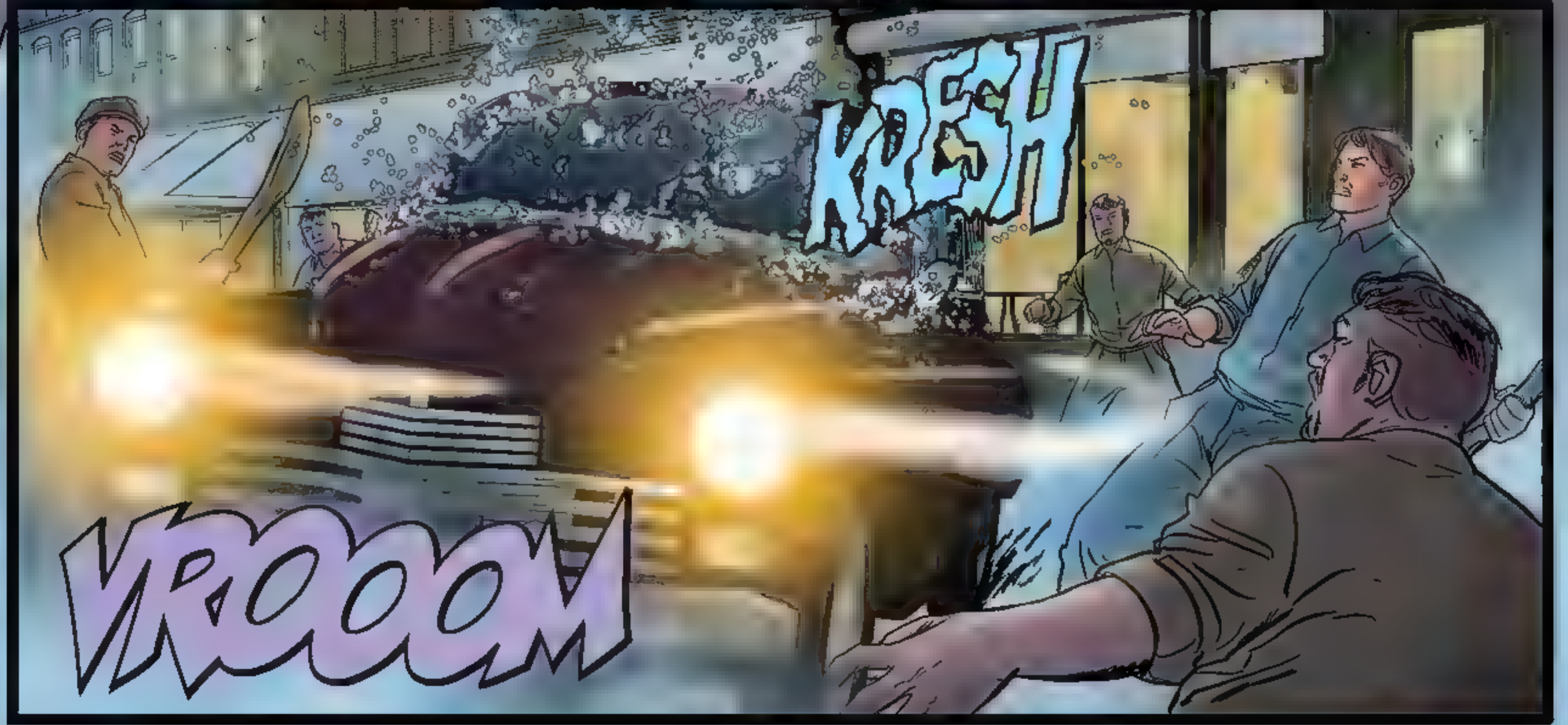
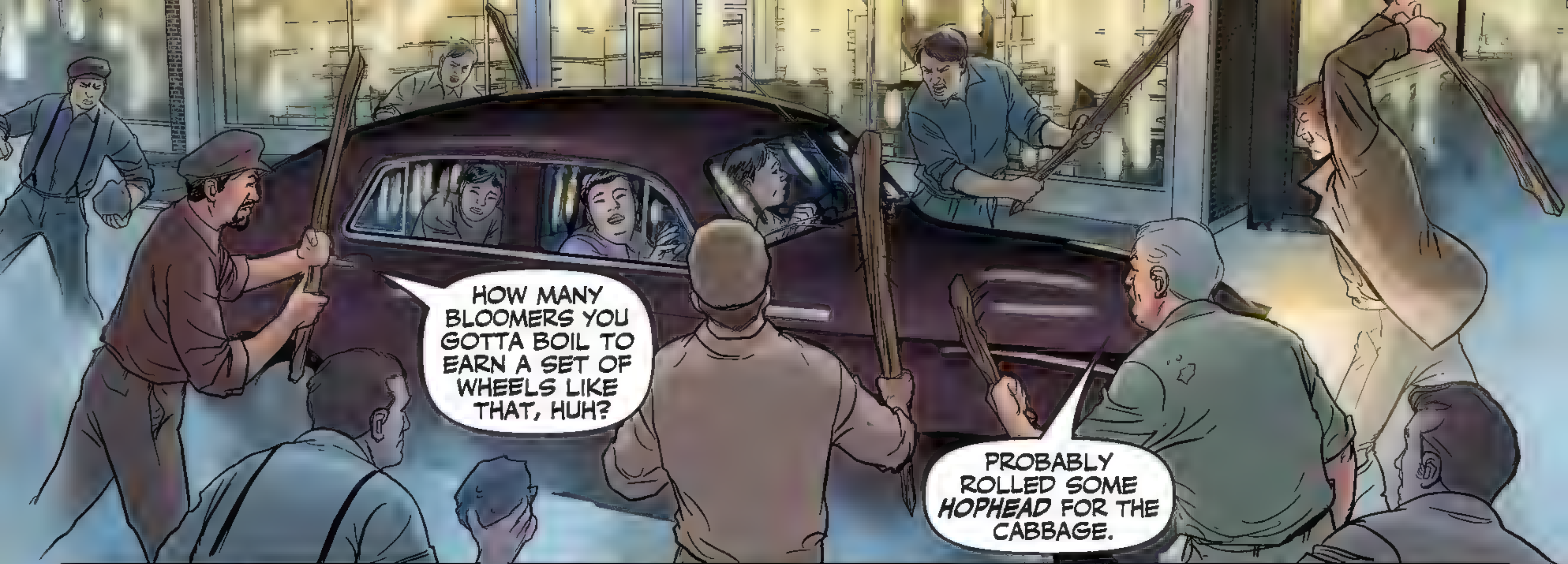


AAAAAGH!

SHUNK-GRUNK-POP

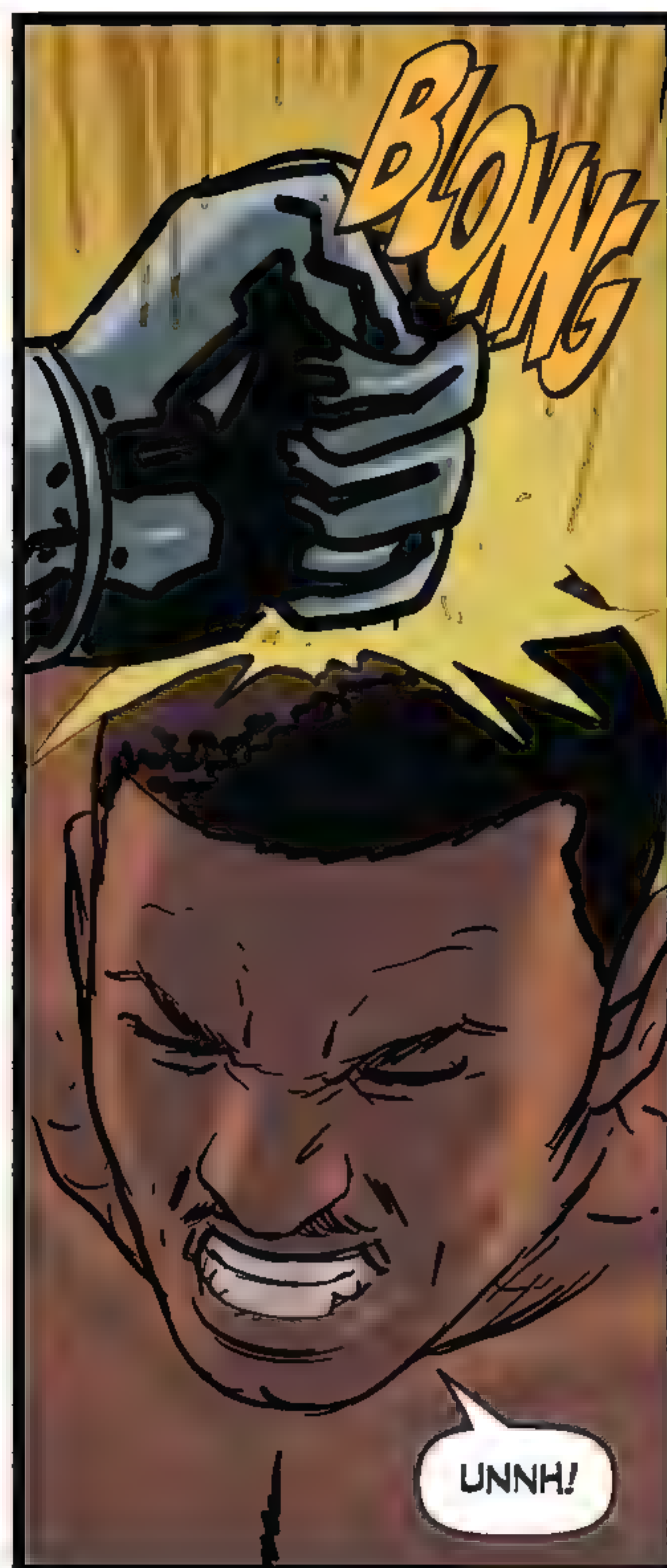
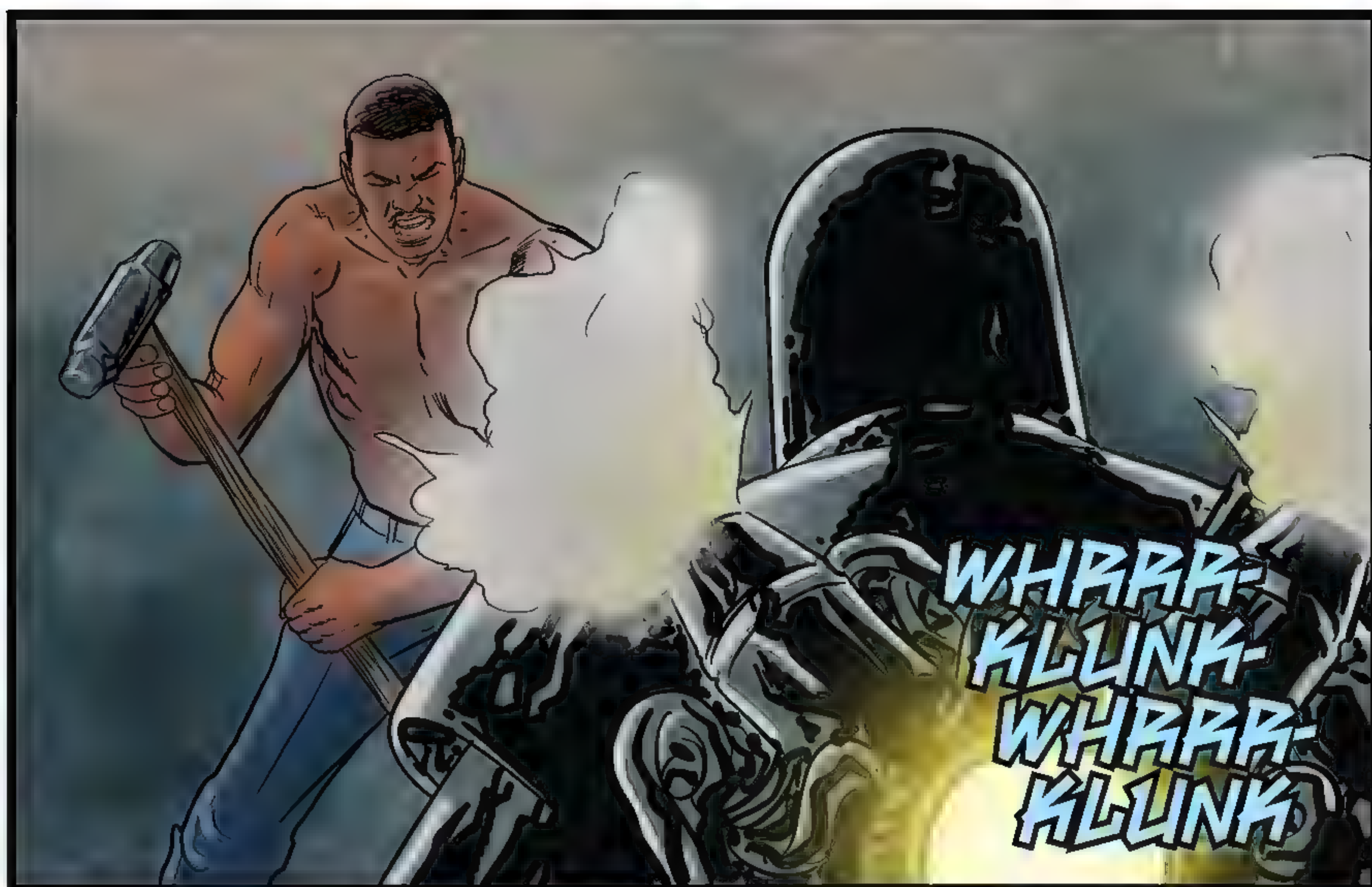












BURBANK,
WHY AM I DOING
THIS AGAIN?



THE CONTEST WAS
YOUR IDEA, MISS LANE,
AND THE SHADOW IS ALREADY
TIED UP WITH RICHTER HIMSELF.
IT'S UP TO US TO GET THOSE
CARS OFF THE STREET.

BESIDES, YOU
KNOW HOW I FEEL
ABOUT HEIGHTS.

I'M STARTING TO
SHARE YOUR OPINION.
HOW MUCH HIGHER UP
DO I HAVE TO GO,
ANYWAY?

I'M A GIANT
MONKEY SHORT OF
BEING TAKEN FOR
FAY WRAY UP
HERE.

MISS LANE,
YOU AREN'T ACTUALLY
CLIMBING THE TOWER
ARE YOU?



UH...
DON'T I
HAVE TO?

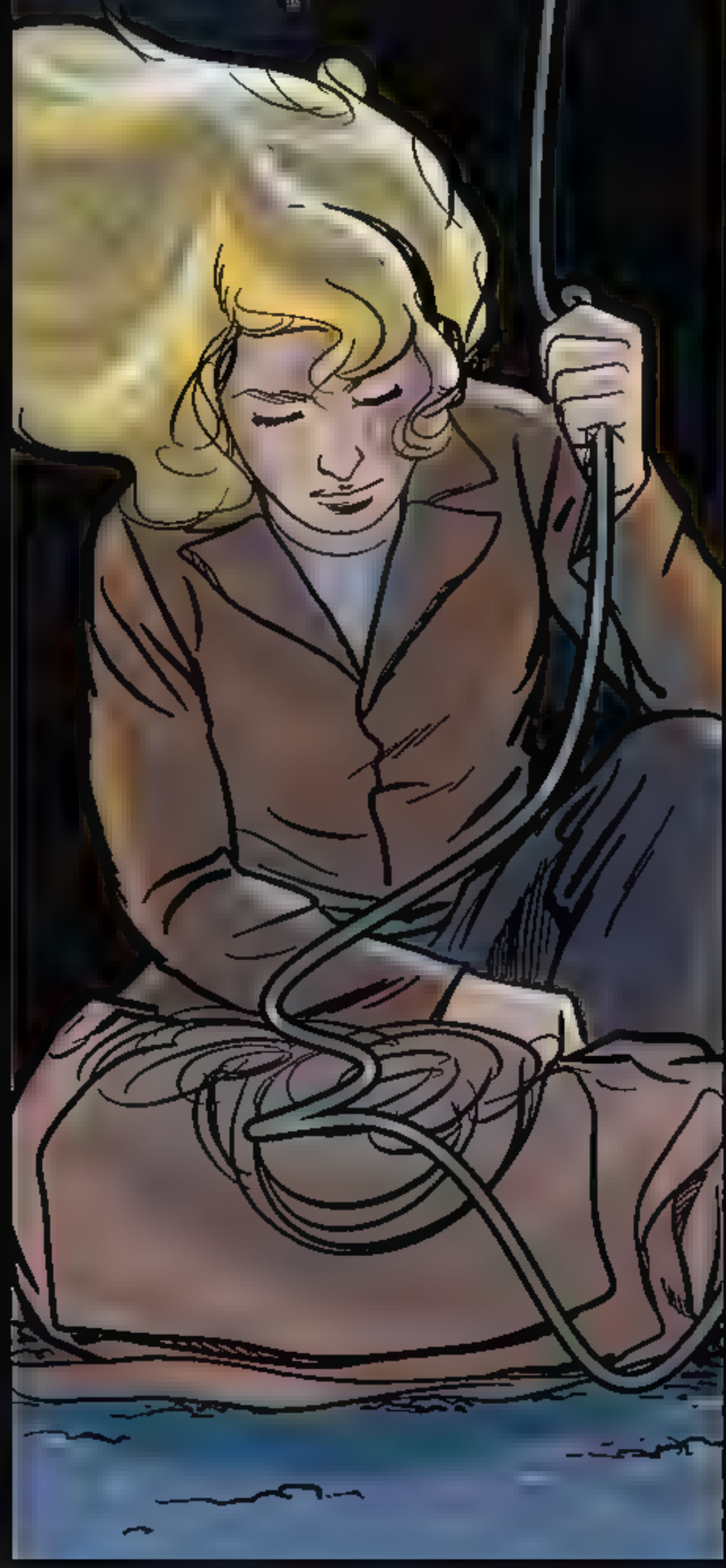
NO. JUST CLIP
THE RIG I GAVE YOU
TO ANY METALLIC PART
OF THE TOWER'S
BASE.

DOESN'T MATTER
WHERE YOU TOUCH IT.
I CAN PIGGYBACK MY
SIGNAL OVER ALL THE
MAJOR RADIO
STATIONS ONCE I'M
CONNECTED.

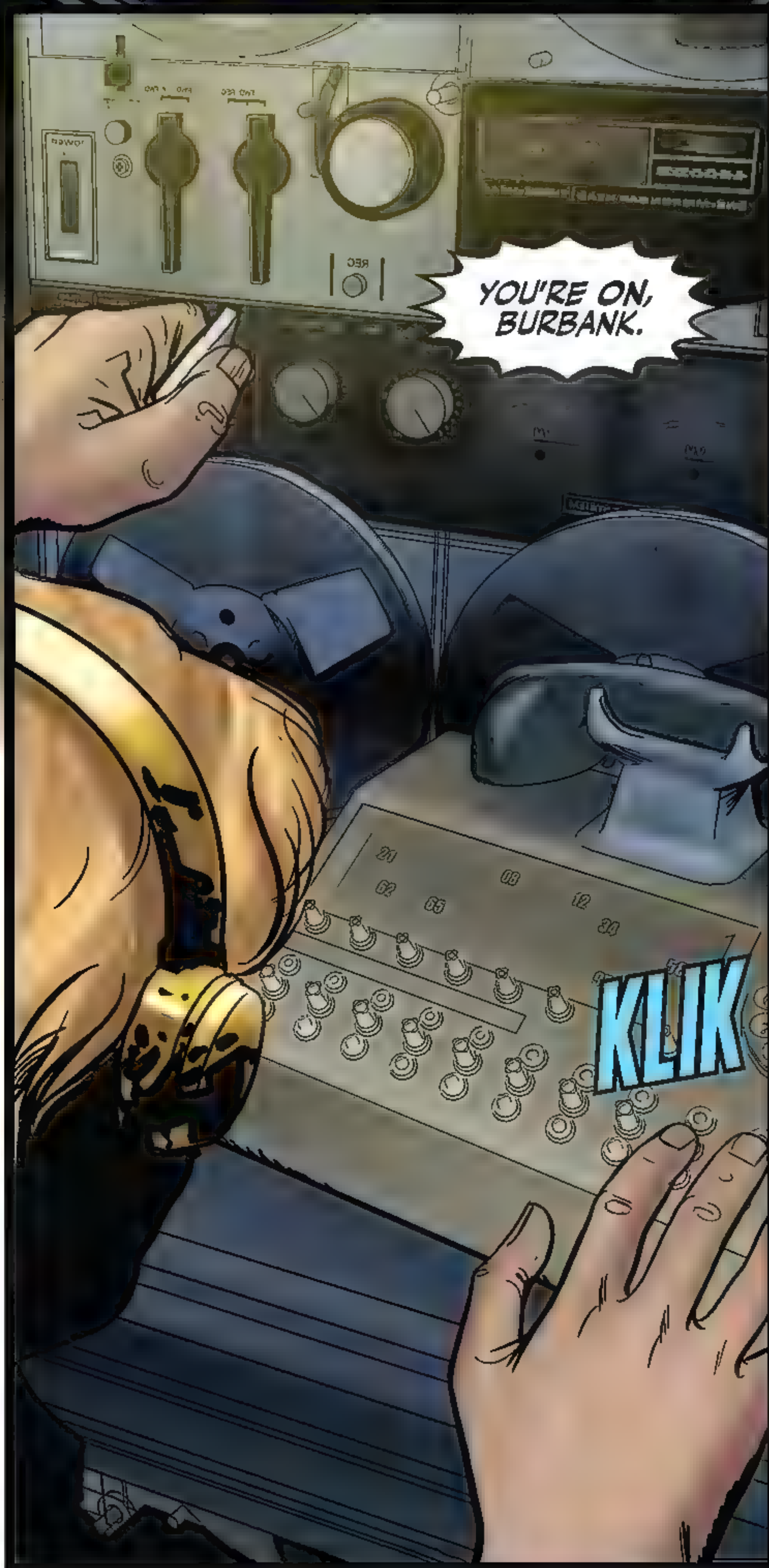


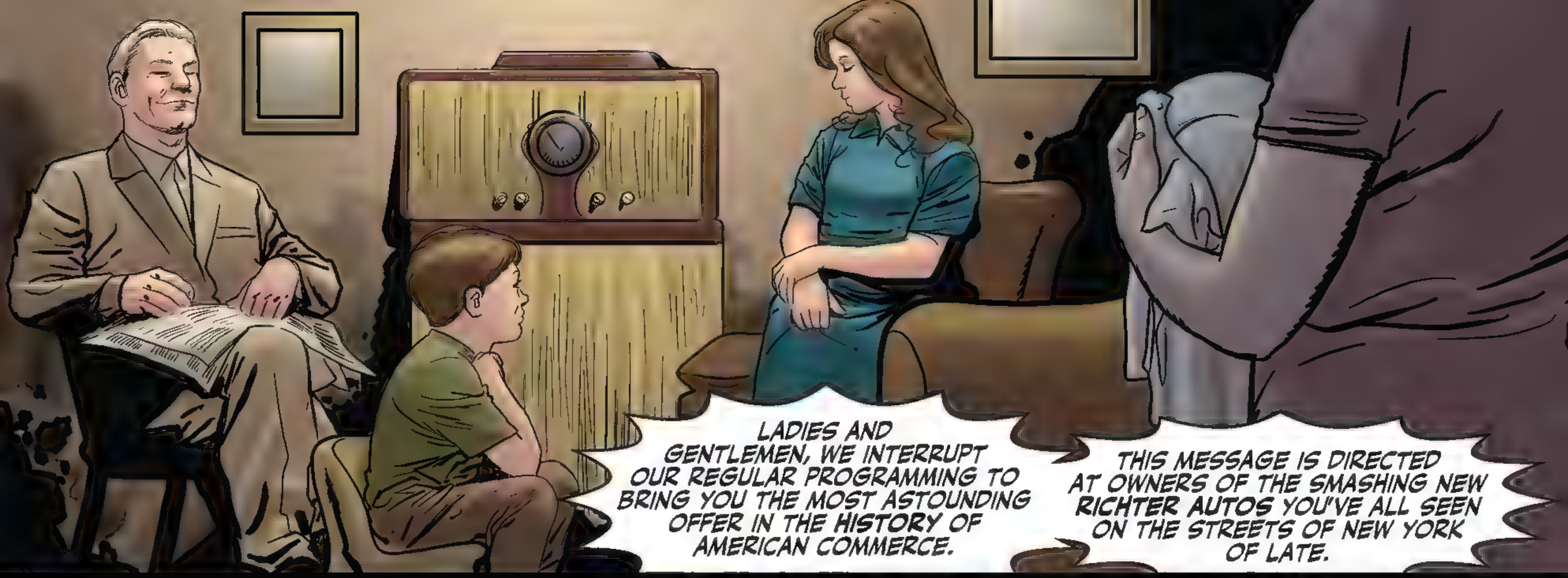
GET TOO HIGH
UP THERE AND THOSE
RADIO WAVES WOULD
COOK YOU LIKE A
THANKSGIVING
TURKEY.

NOW
HE TELLS
ME.



YOU'RE ON,
BURBANK.





LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE INTERRUPT OUR REGULAR PROGRAMMING TO BRING YOU THE MOST ASTOUNDING OFFER IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN COMMERCE.

THIS MESSAGE IS DIRECTED AT OWNERS OF THE SMASHING NEW RICHTER AUTOS YOU'VE ALL SEEN ON THE STREETS OF NEW YORK OF LATE.



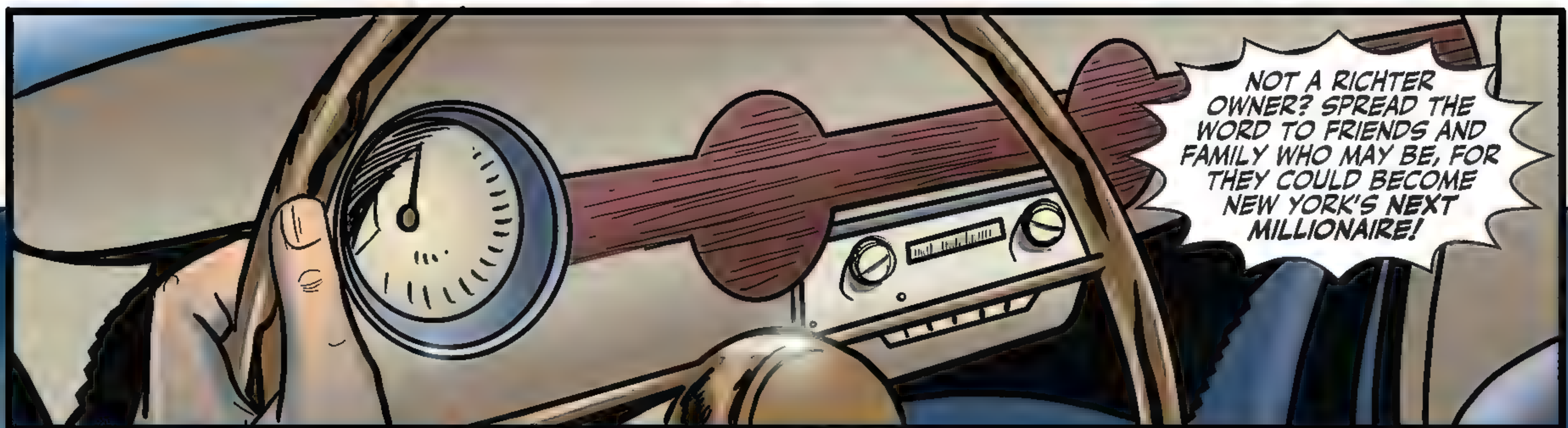
WELL, TO REWARD HIS LOYAL CUSTOMERS, MR. RICHTER HIMSELF IS OFFERING ONE MILLION DOLLARS TO ONE OF HIS PROUD AUTO OWNERS.

YOU HEARD RIGHT, FOLKS. ONE MILLION DOLLARS.



MERELY BRING YOUR RICHTER TO THE EAST RIVER PIERS JUST OFF THE BATTERY BY MIDNIGHT TONIGHT.

ONE LUCKY OWNER WILL BE SELECTED TO WIN A MILLION DOLLARS FROM MR. RICHTER'S PERSONAL FORTUNE. MUST BE PRESENT TO WIN.



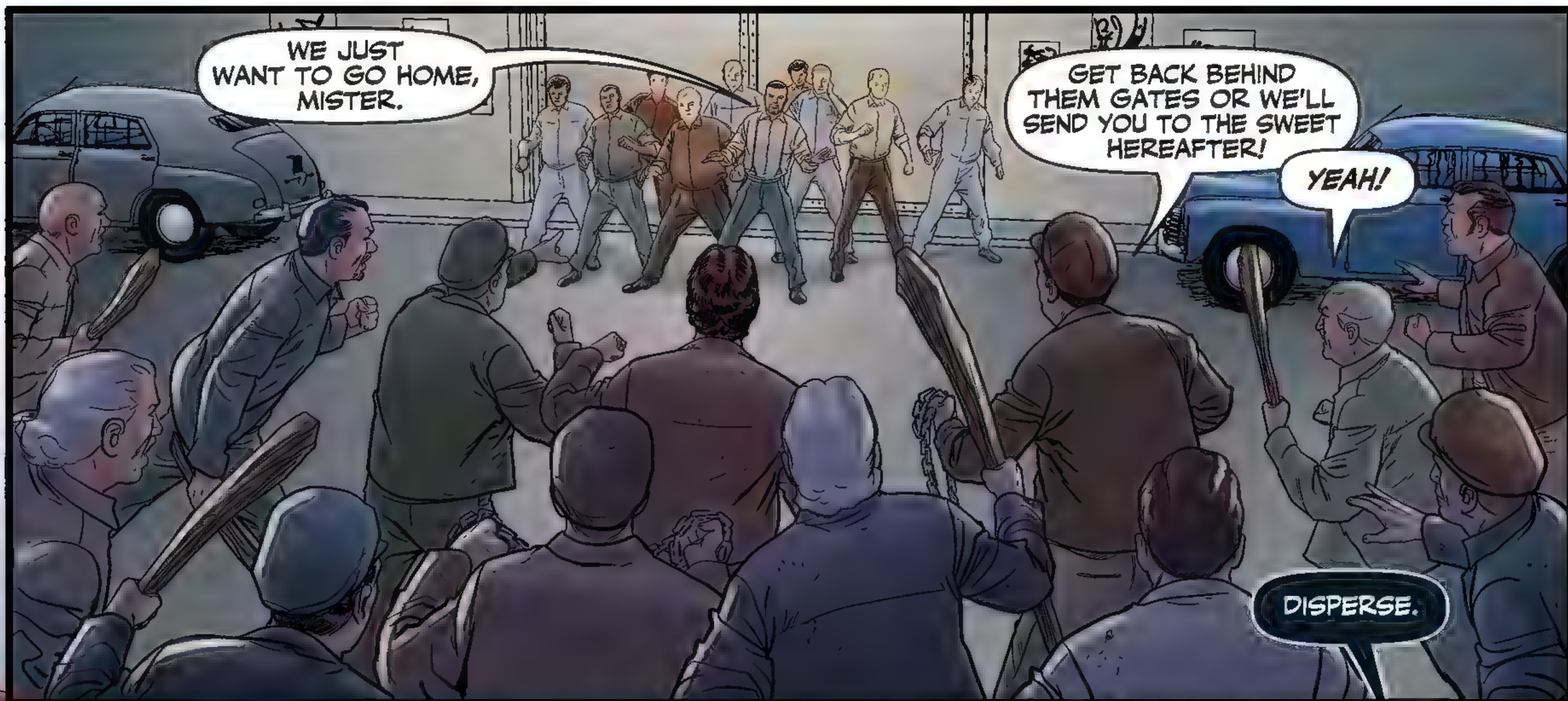
NOT A RICHTER OWNER? SPREAD THE WORD TO FRIENDS AND FAMILY WHO MAY BE, FOR THEY COULD BECOME NEW YORK'S NEXT MILLIONAIRE!

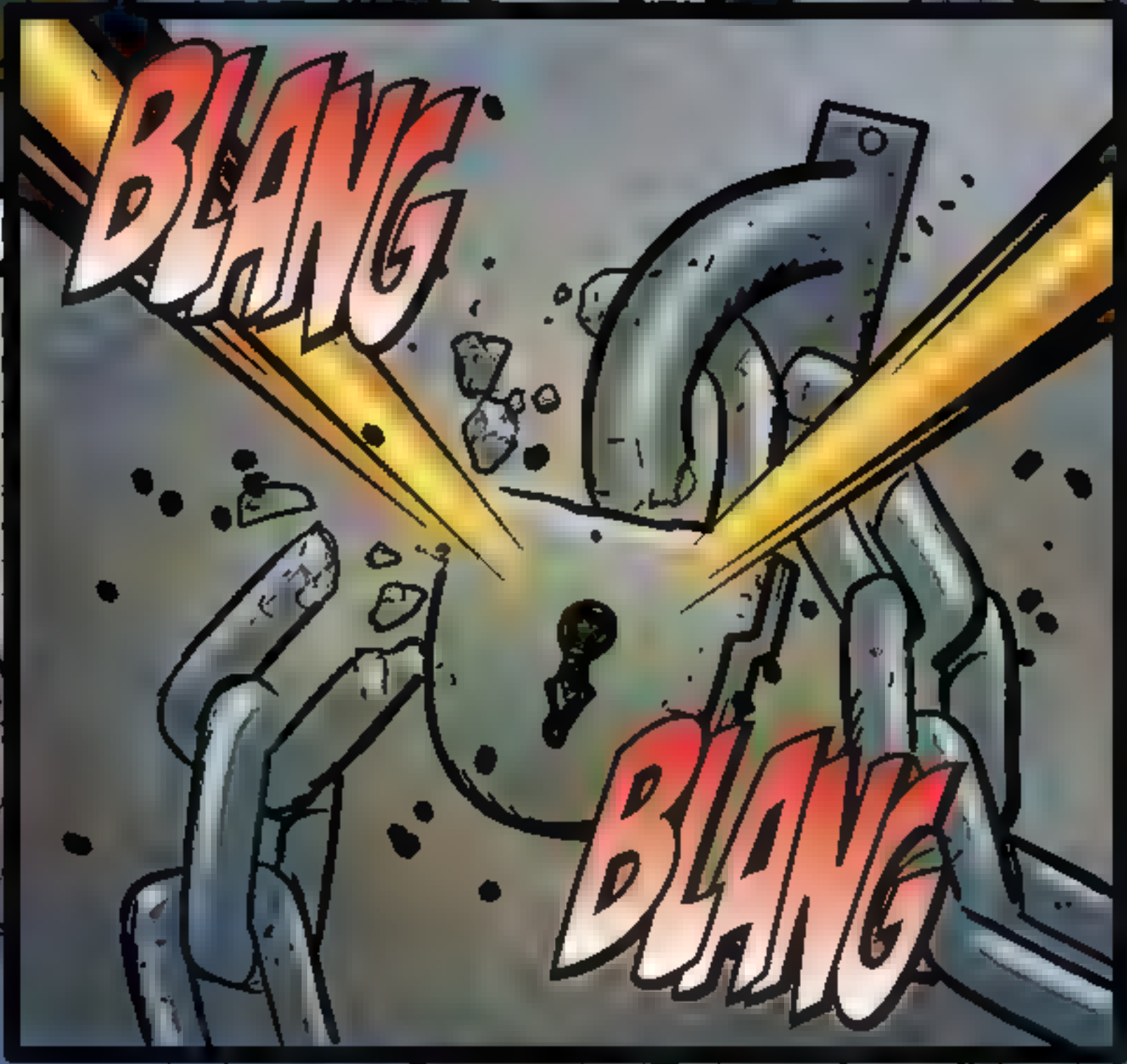


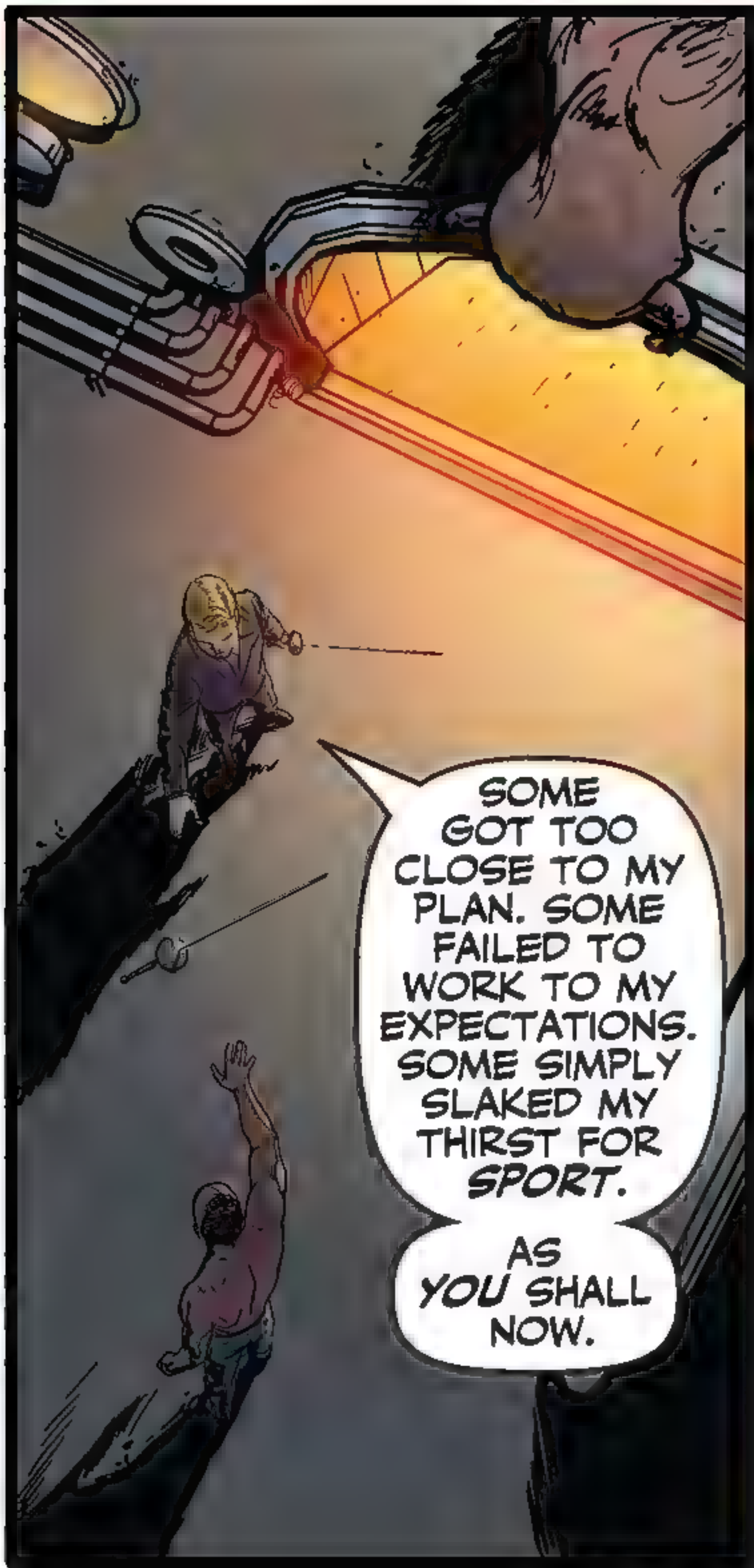
THIS MESSAGE WILL BE REPEATED FOR THE NEXT TWO HOURS IN THE HOPES OF REACHING EVERY SOUL WHO MAY QUALIFY. DO NOT DELAY!

YOU HEAR THAT, BOYS? IT'S NOT ENOUGH THAT HE GIVES 'EM JOBS, AND SELLS 'EM CARS--

NOW RICHTER WANTS TO MAKE ONE OF THESE MONKEYS A MILLIONAIRE!







SOME GOT TOO CLOSE TO MY PLAN. SOME FAILED TO WORK TO MY EXPECTATIONS. SOME SIMPLY SLAKED MY THIRST FOR SPORT.

AS YOU SHALL NOW.



YOU MADE THIS WHOLE FACTORY JUST TO MURDER MY KIND?

KLING

NOT JUST YOUR KIND, BUT ALL THE MONGRELS, THE CRIMINALS, THE PERVERTS AND DEVIANTS.



SIMPLY INDUSTRIALIZING THE MURDER OF SIMPLETONS IS INSUFFICIENT PUNISHMENT FOR THIS IMPUDENT COUNTRY.

MY FACTORY WILL TURN THE CITIZENS OF THIS WEAK-KNEED DEMOCRACY AGAINST ONE ANOTHER.

SLASSH



AND WHEN MY COUNTRYMEN OVERRUN THIS CORRUPT NATION, I WILL ALREADY BE HERE, RULING OVER THE SYSTEM I BROKE WITH BUT A FEW RIOTS, A MASS MURDER--

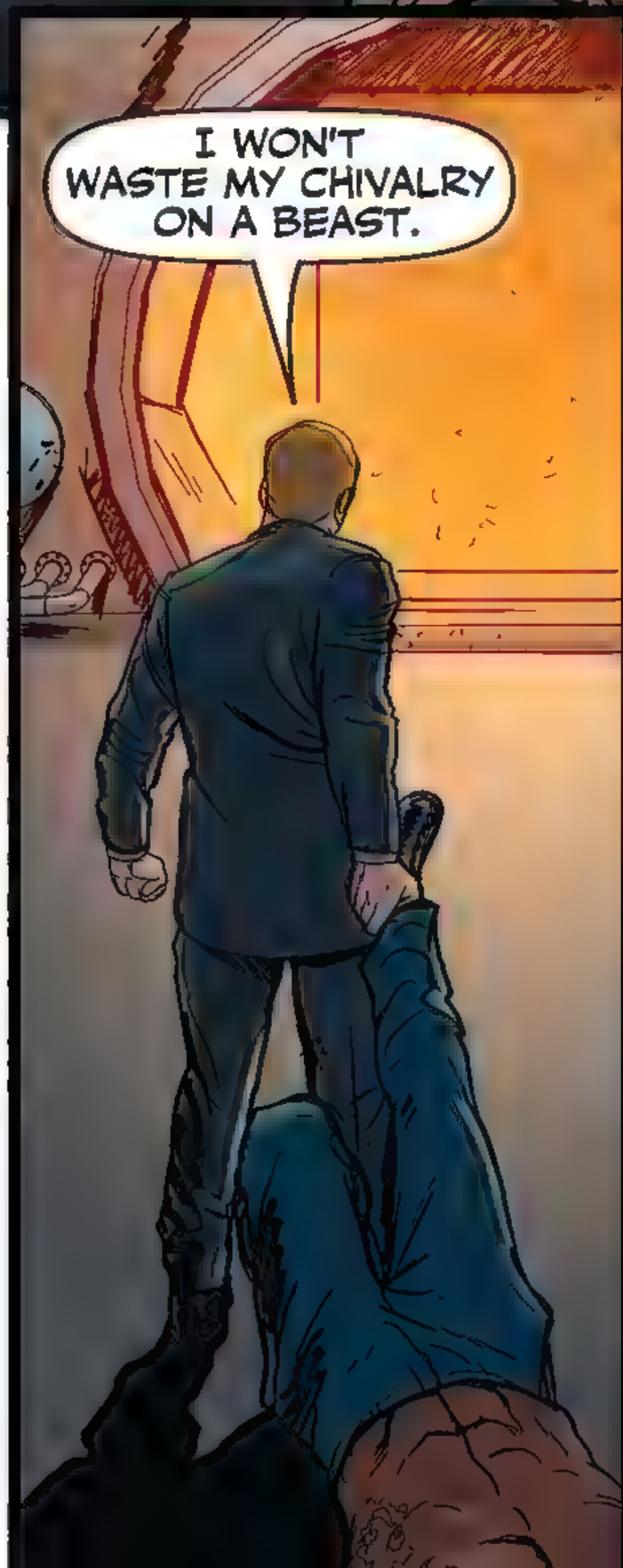
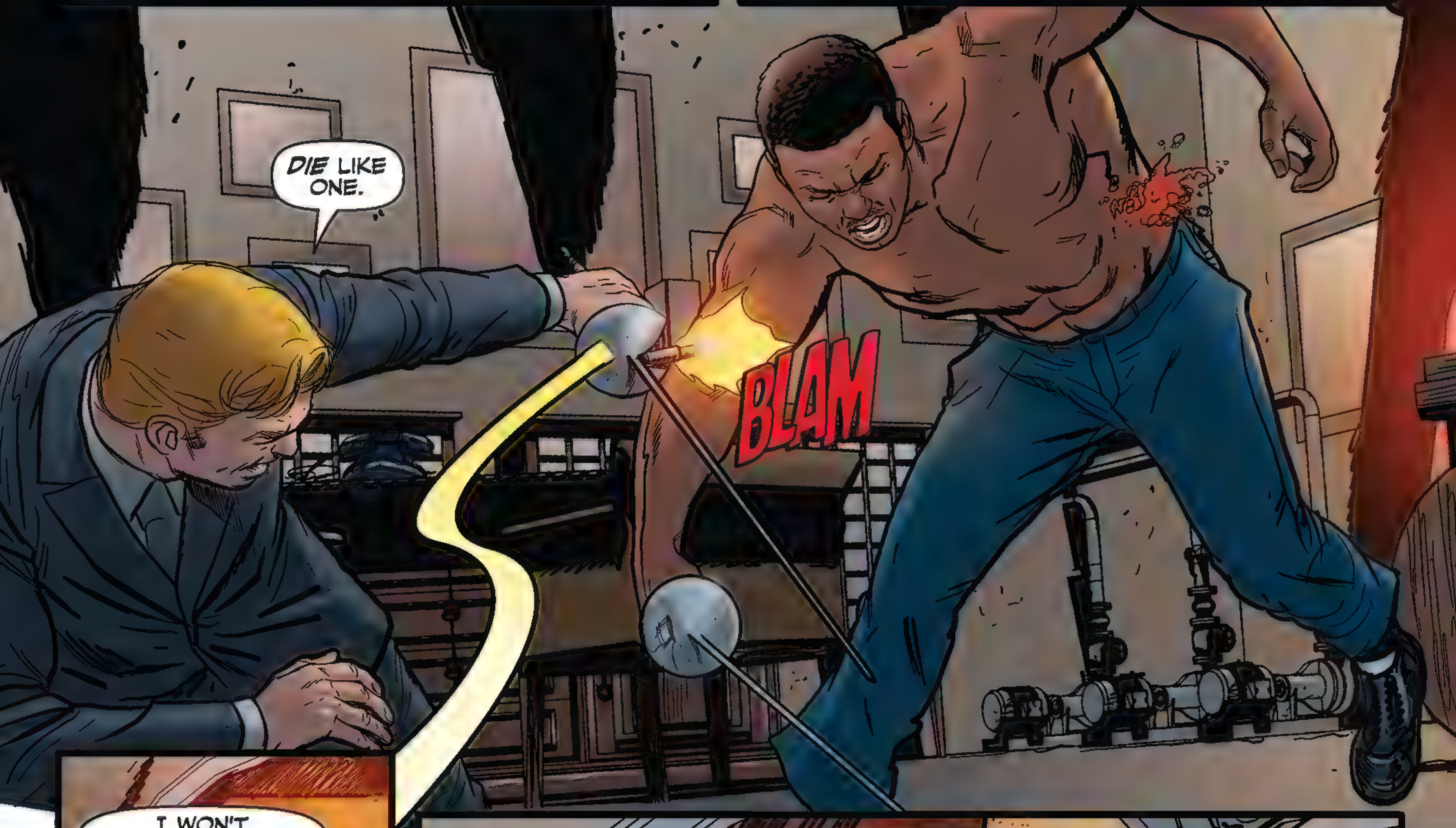
A FURNACE FULL OF MUD PEOPLE.

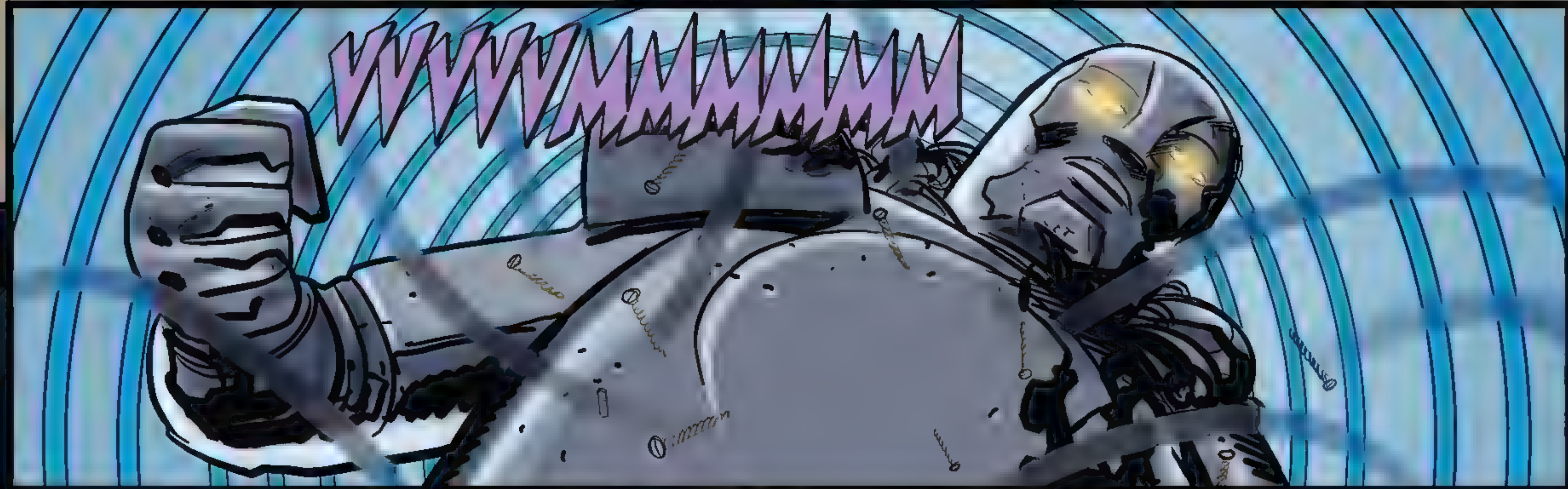
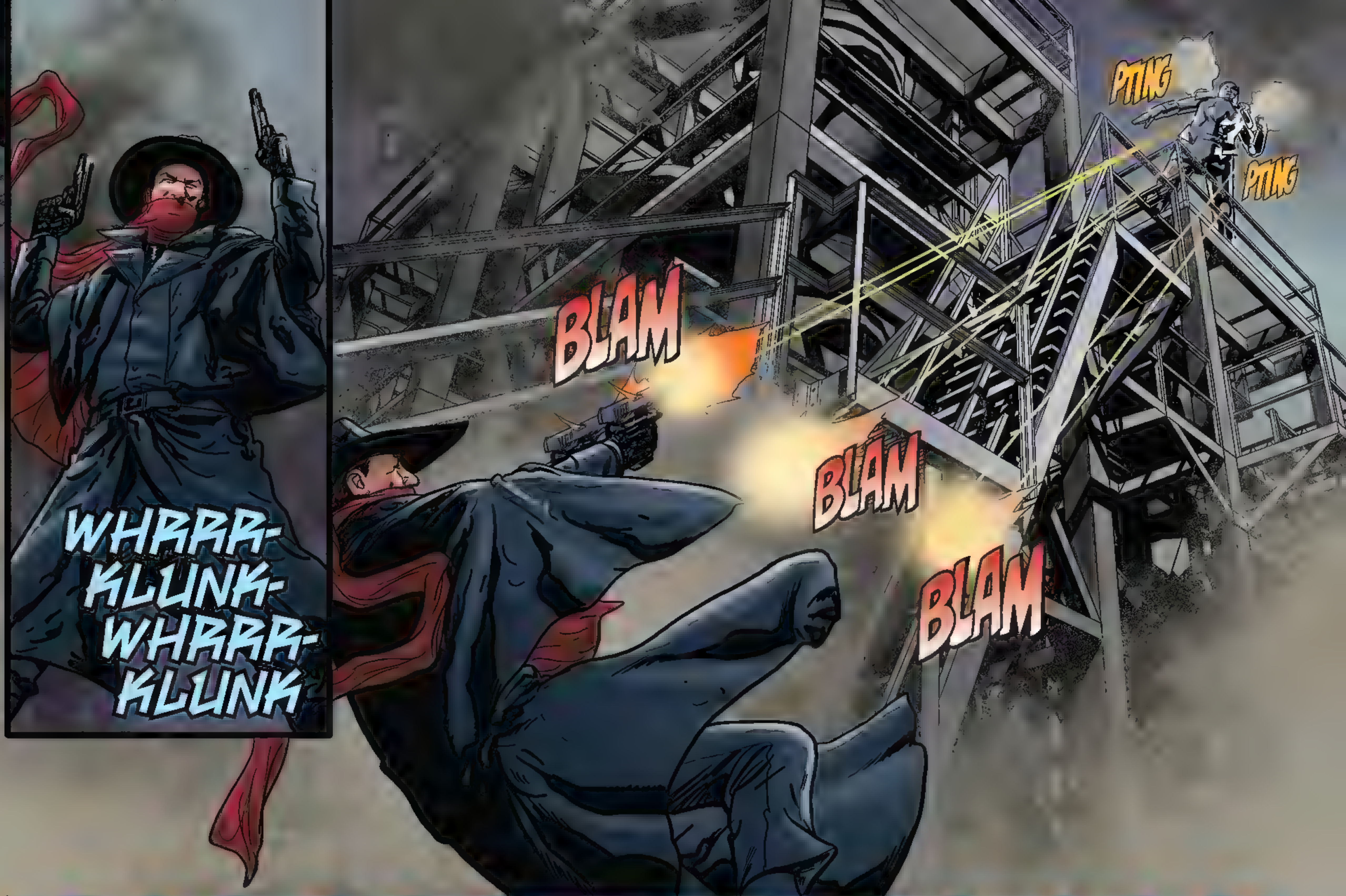
SHOP

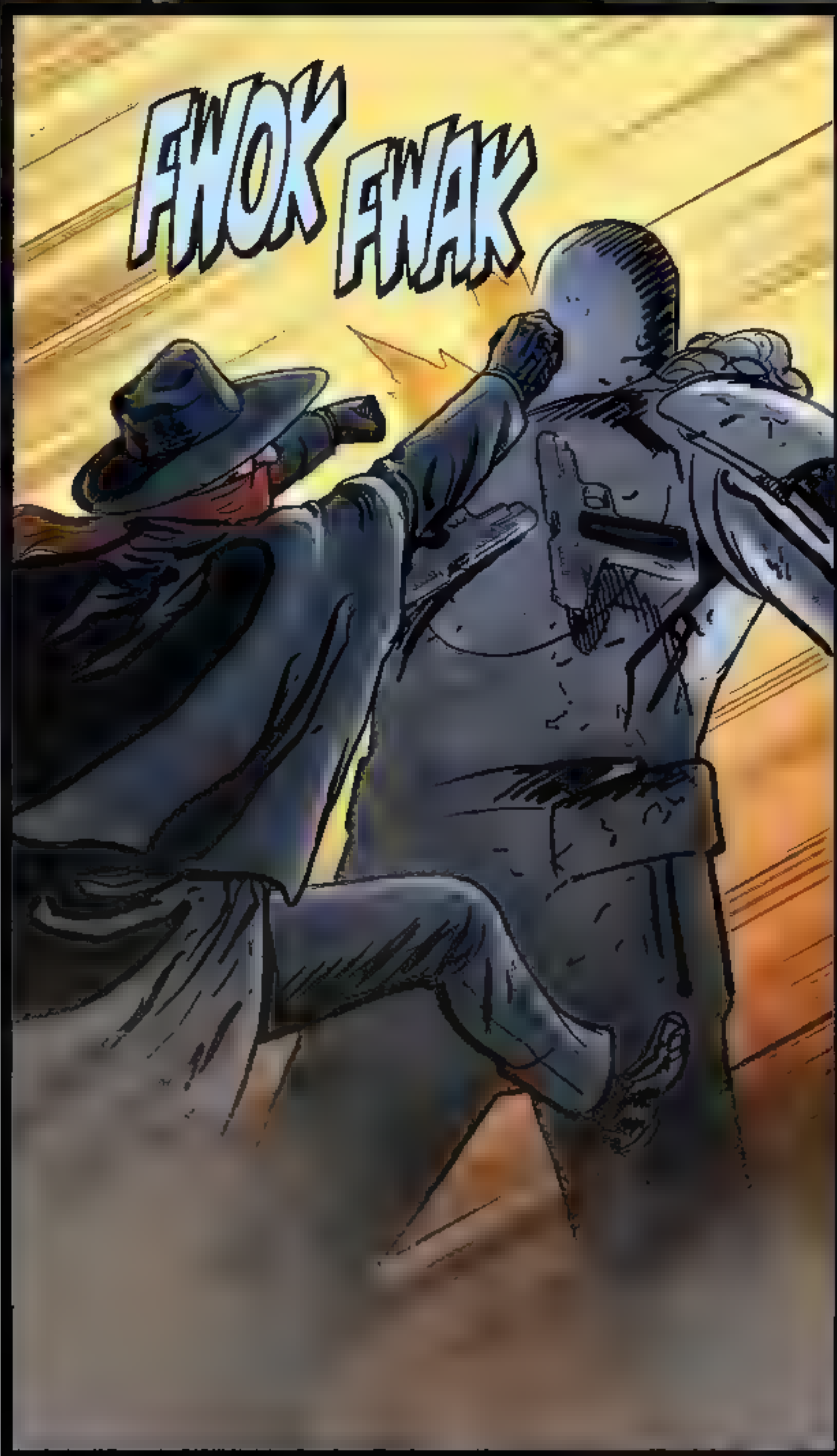


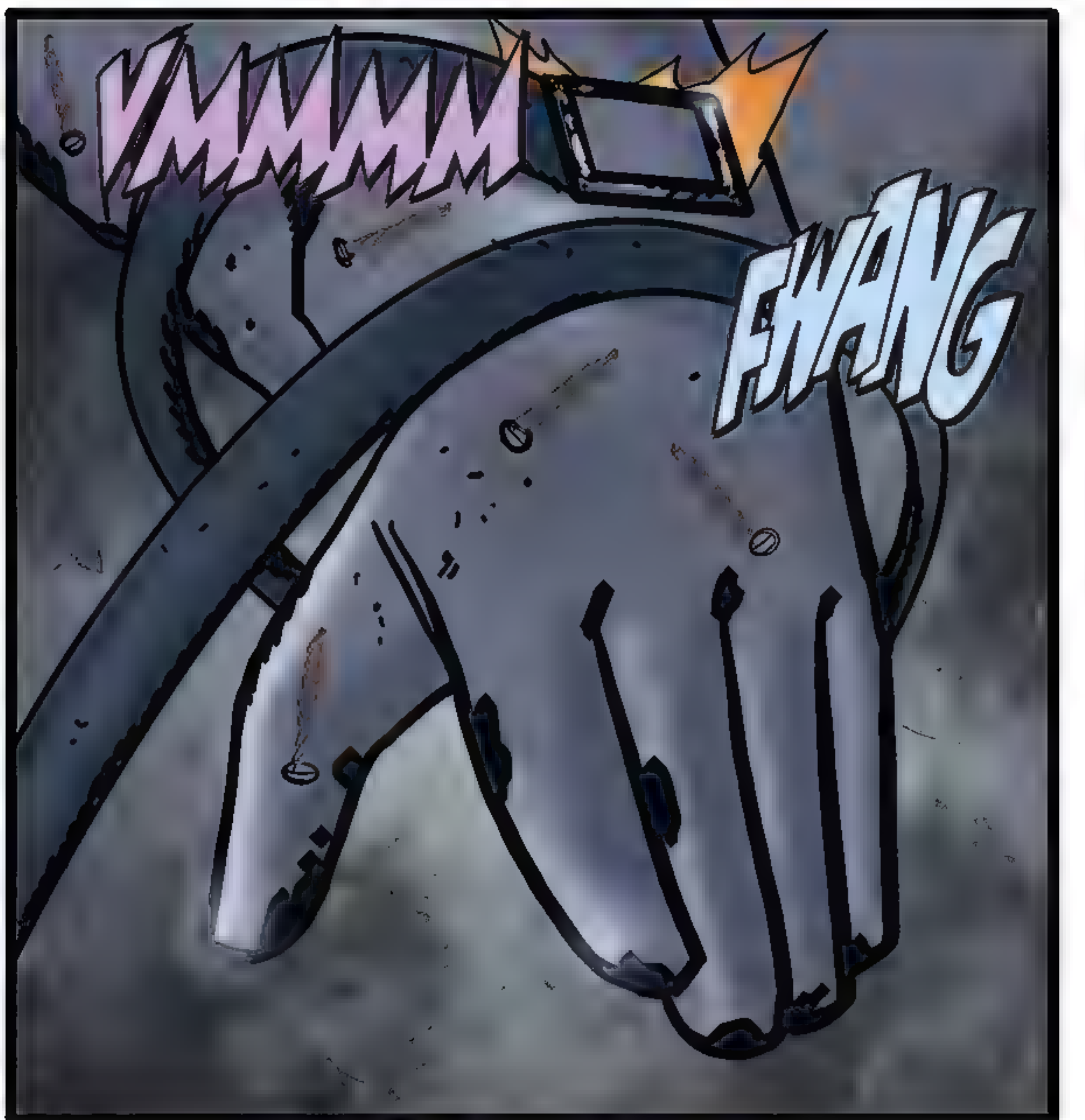
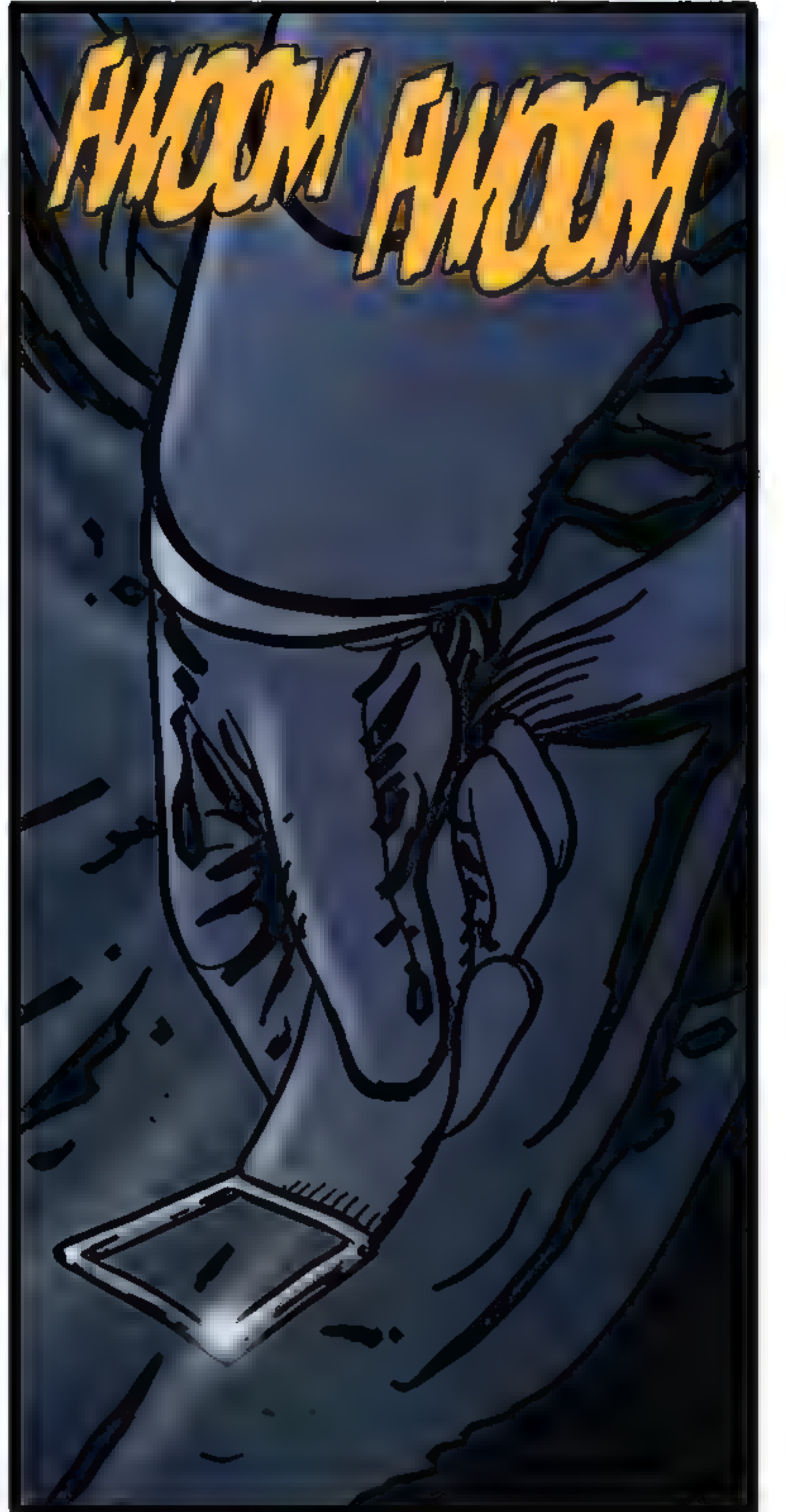
RRAAGGH!

KLUDD











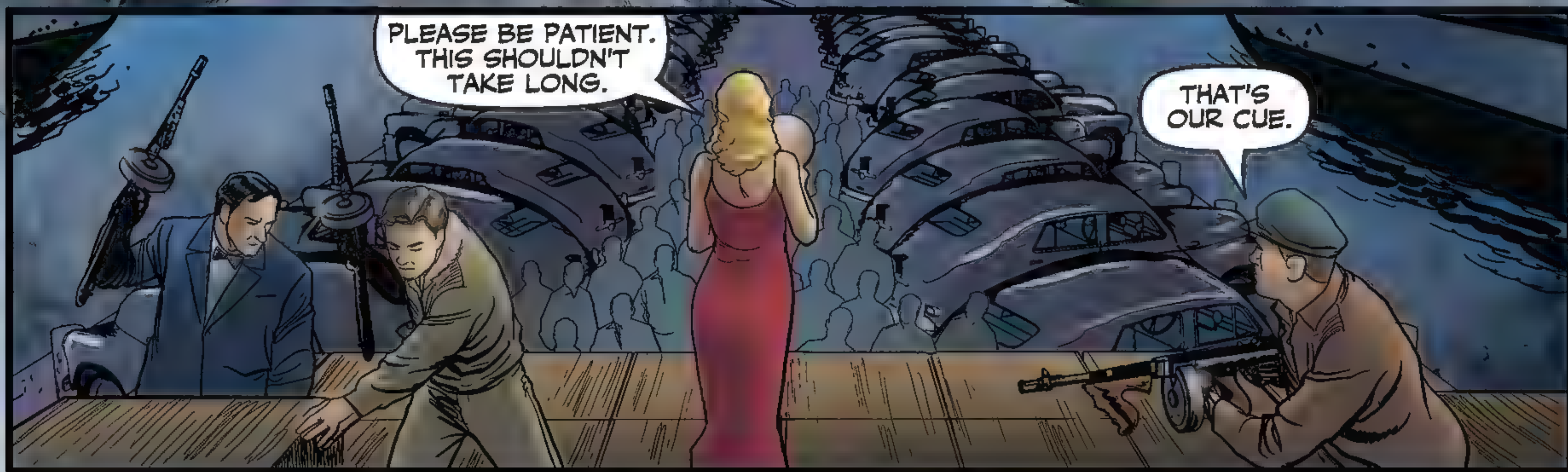
KRA-
KOOM

THOOM



GOOD TO SEE SO MANY OF YOU FINE FOLKS HERE TONIGHT FOR OUR CONTEST. THANK YOU FOR PARKING AS DIRECTED.

NOW IF YOU COULD ALL LINE UP HERE ON THE SHORE SIDE OF THE PIER WE'LL PICK A WINNER.



PLEASE BE PATIENT. THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG.

THAT'S OUR CUE.



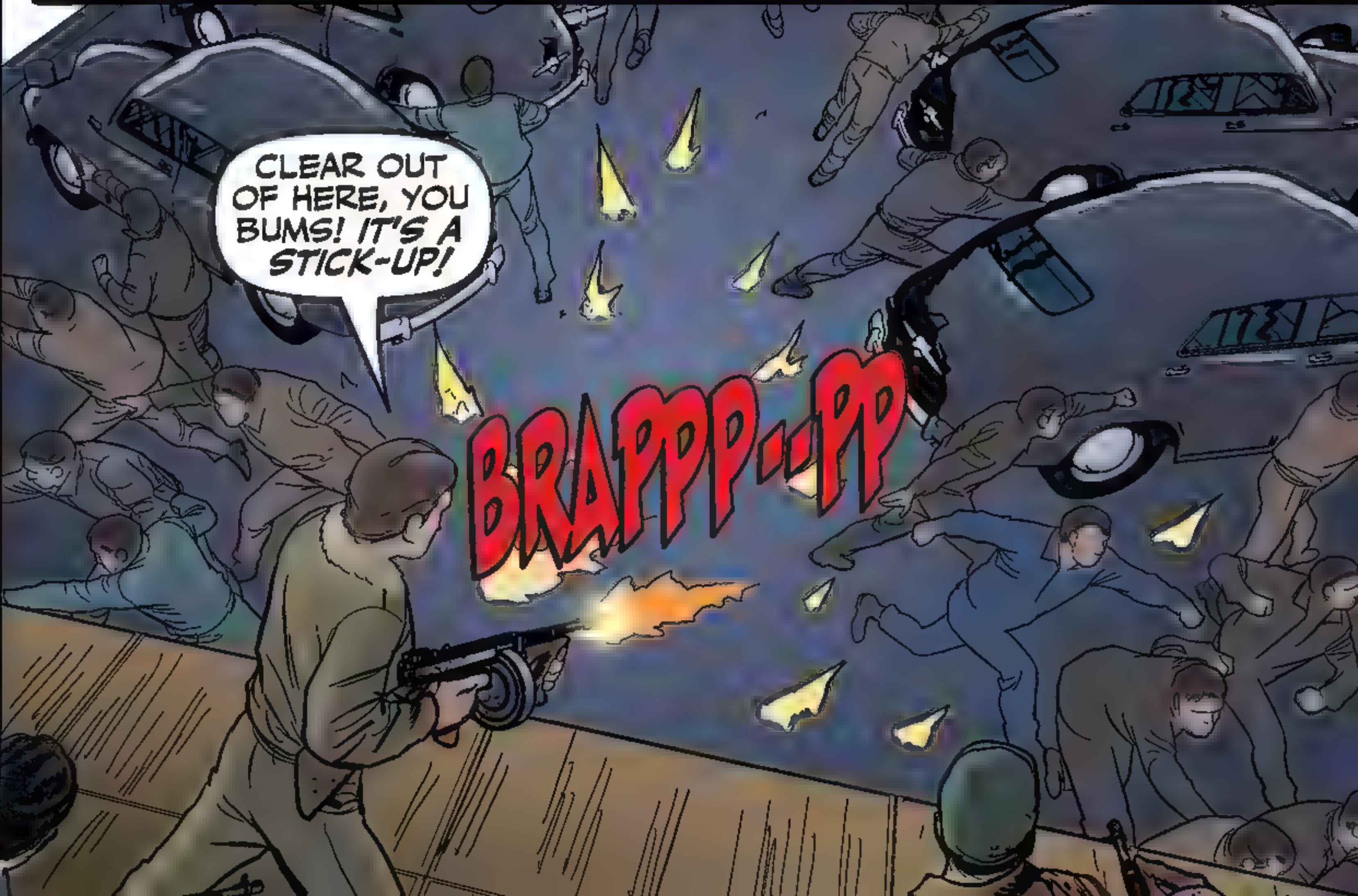
BRAPPP-PP



HEY, WHAT GIVES?

WHO WON THE MILLION?

NOT THE BRIGHTEST BUNCH. PUT A FEW AT THEIR FEET, CROFTON.

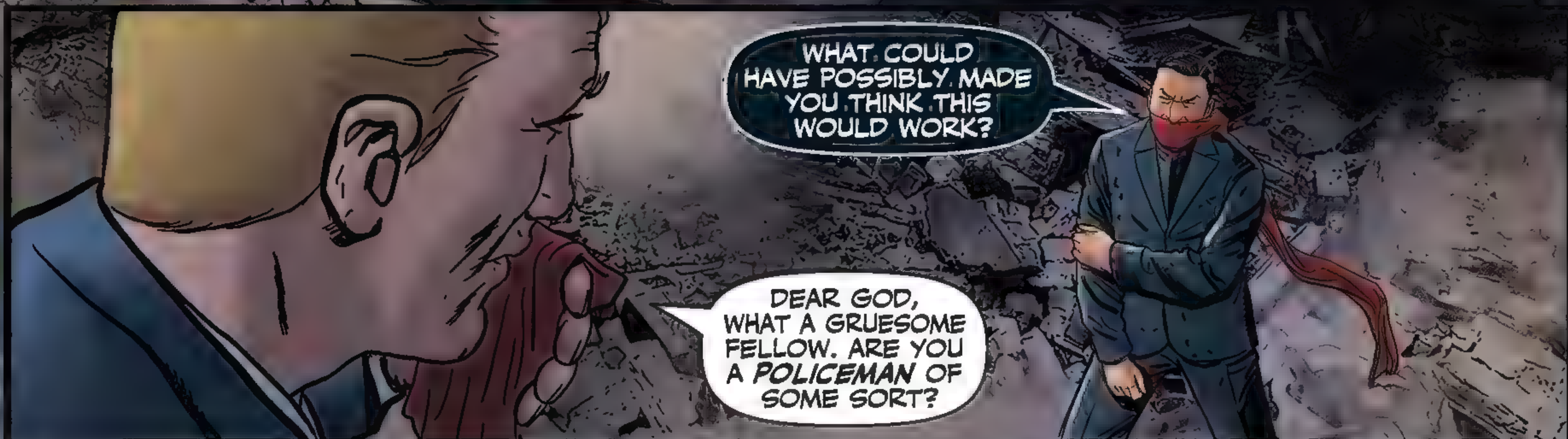


CLEAR OUT OF HERE, YOU BUMS! IT'S A STICK-UP!

BRAPPP-PP

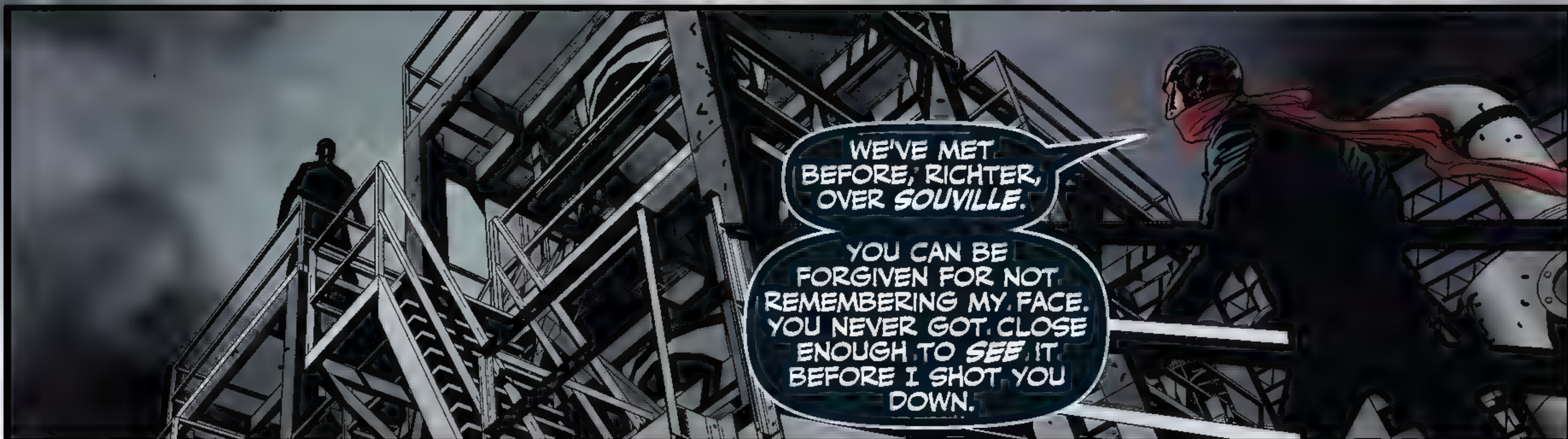


I THOUGHT
GERMANS WERE
KNOWN FOR THEIR
THOROUGHNESS.



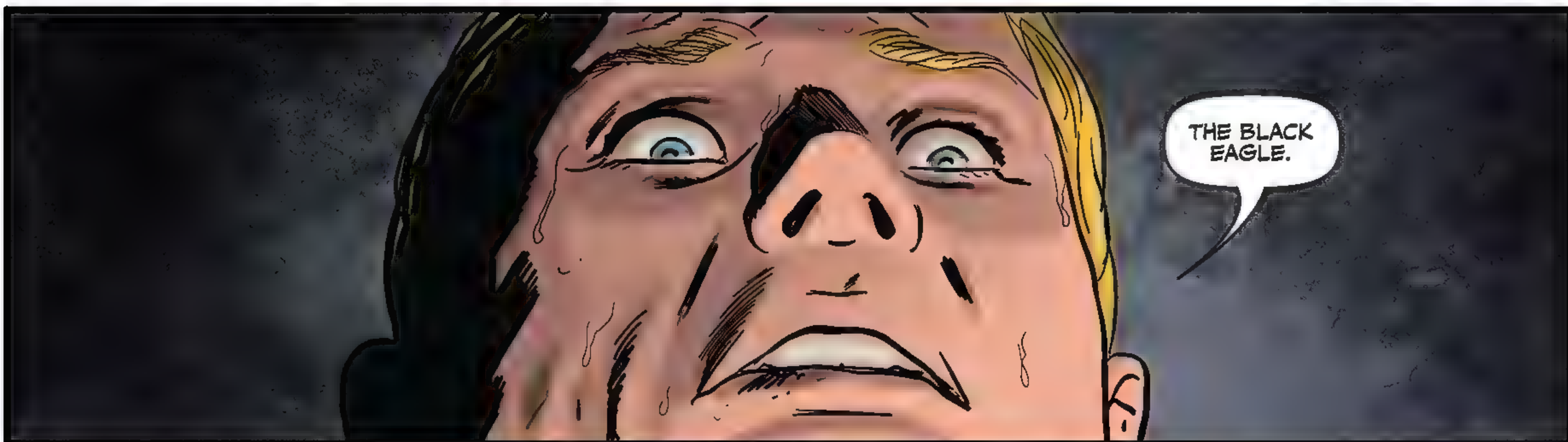
WHAT COULD
HAVE POSSIBLY MADE
YOU THINK THIS
WOULD WORK?

DEAR GOD,
WHAT A GRUESOME
FELLOW. ARE YOU
A POLICEMAN OF
SOME SORT?



WE'VE MET
BEFORE, RICHTER,
OVER *SOUVILLE*.

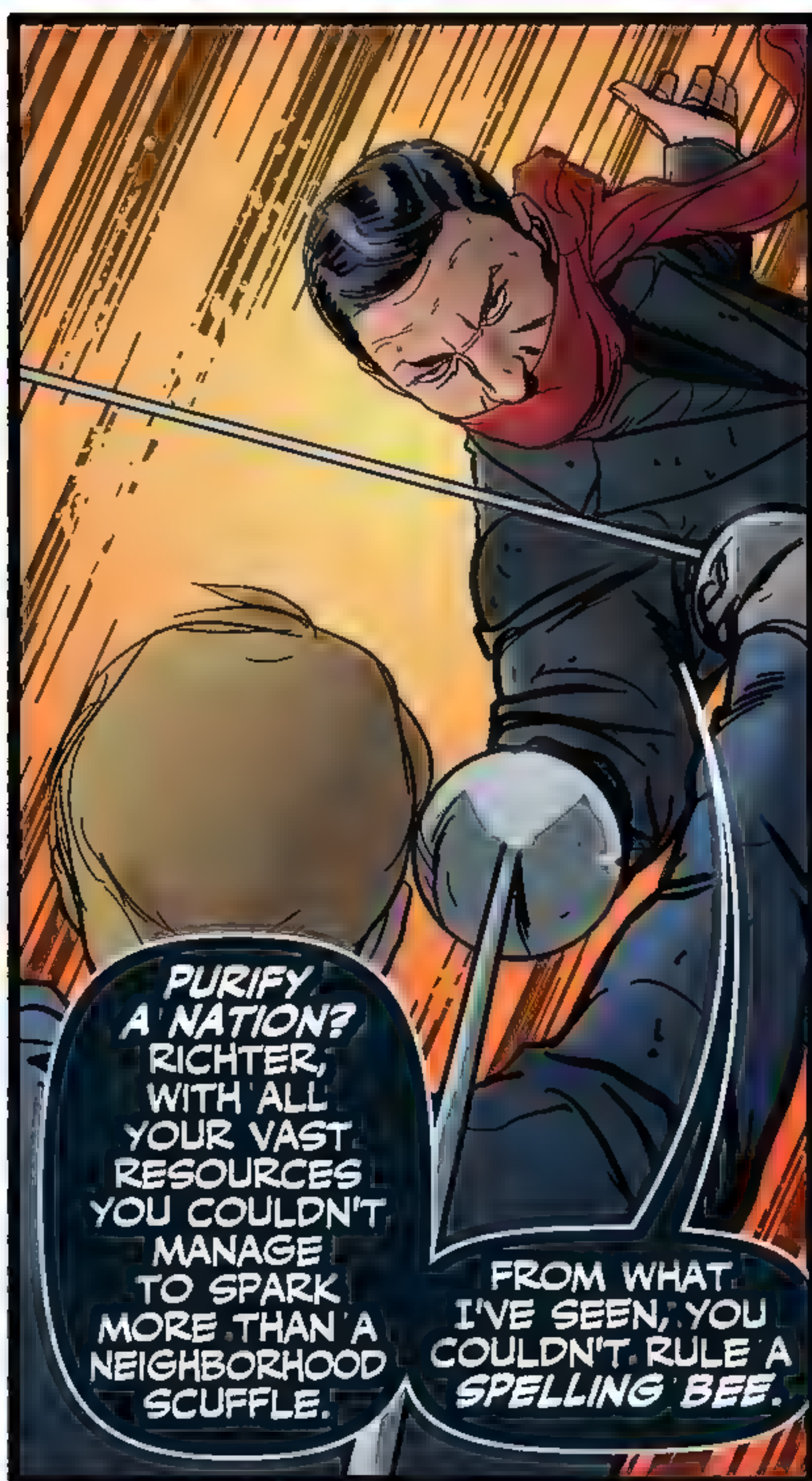
YOU CAN BE
FORGIVEN FOR NOT
REMEMBERING MY FACE.
YOU NEVER GOT CLOSE
ENOUGH TO *SEE* IT
BEFORE I SHOT YOU
DOWN.



THE BLACK
EAGLE.



NO
LONGER.
CONSIDER
ME HIS
SHADOW.





WHEN YOUR
STREETS ARE
CHOKED WITH
THE DEAD!

BZZZZT



CROFTON, YOU
JUST HAPPEN TO CARRY
ENOUGH DYNAMITE TO
SINK A PIER ON
YOU?



NO. DON'T
BE SILLY. I HAD
TO BORROW
SOME FROM MY
COUSIN.

YOU THINK
THIS WILL WORK?
DID WE GET ALL
OF THEM?

ACCORDING TO
WILSON'S RECEIPTS,
ABOUT NINETY
PERCENT.

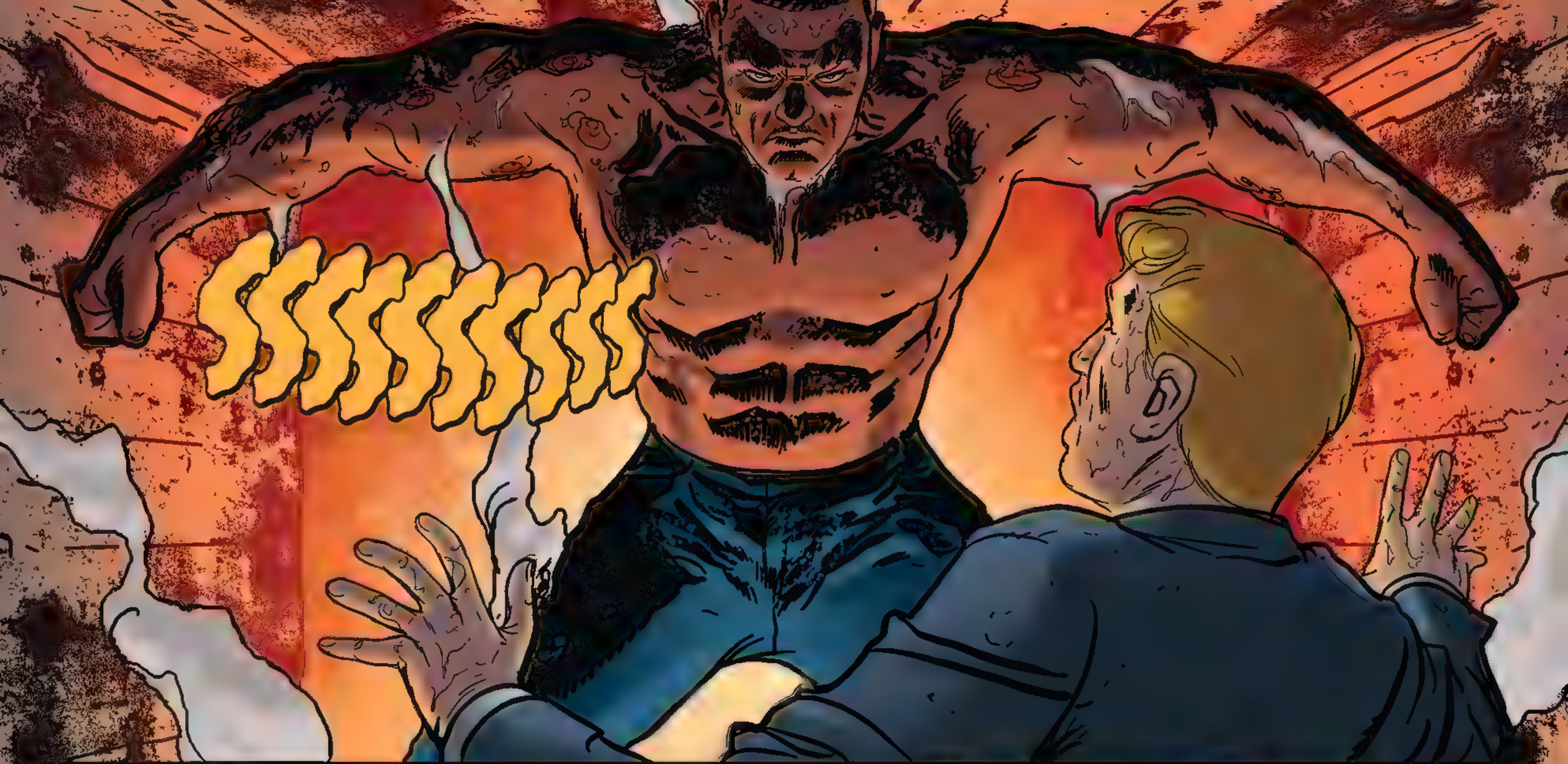


DON'T WORRY,
MISS LANE. THESE
THINGS ARE BUILT LIKE
CRACKER BOXES. NO
WAY THEIR ELECTRICAL
SYSTEMS HOLD UP TO
THIS BRACKISH
WATER.

EVEN IF THE LOON
MANAGES TO SEND A REMOTE
SIGNAL, THE DETONATORS
WON'T CRANK.

LEAST
I HOPE.







THE Shadow
IN DEATH FACTORY

END

CASTING SHADOWS

A LOOK AT THE MAKING OF *THE SHADOW: DEATH FACTORY* FROM SCRIPT TO FINAL PAGE

script by PHIL HESTER

art by IVAN RODRIGUEZ

colors by IMPACTO STUDIOS

letters by ROB STEEN

PAGE ONE

PANEL ONE:

Circa 1936. This is classic pulpy Shadow prime beef.

SHADOW CAP: You don't need special powers of perception to know what evil lurks in the hearts of men.

PANEL TWO:

Low angle on The Shadow using a fire escape or gutter pipe or something to control his fall as he vaults down the side of a dilapidated warehouse.

SHADOW CAP: It doesn't lurk.

PANEL THREE:

Closer on the Shadow as he carefully noses through a shattered window, his guns drawn.

SHADOW CAP: It walks across their faces.

SHADOW CAP: It stands on their shoulders.

SHADOW CAP: It leaps from their open mouths.

PANEL FOUR:

Wider shot. We can see The Shadow is stalking across a catwalk inside a large warehouse. Its dark and maze-like. Have fun. He's headed for a small wooden door at the end of the catwalk near the top of the wall, like a portal between two sides of the large building which is separated by a brick wall, now shut. (see ref pic attached)

SHADOW CAP: Men don't hide their evil at all.

SHADOW CAP: They burnish it to a high shine and set it in their front windows.

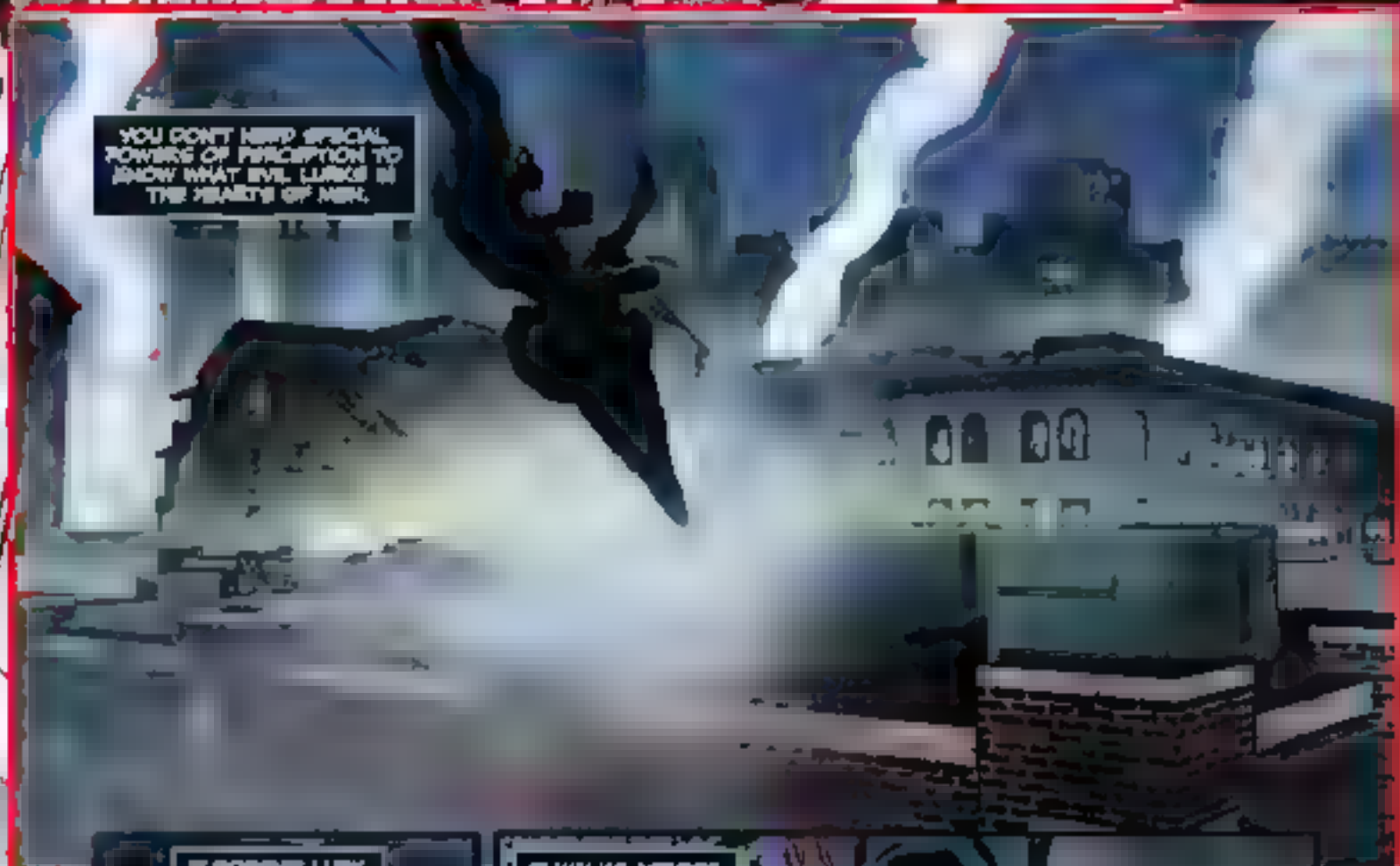
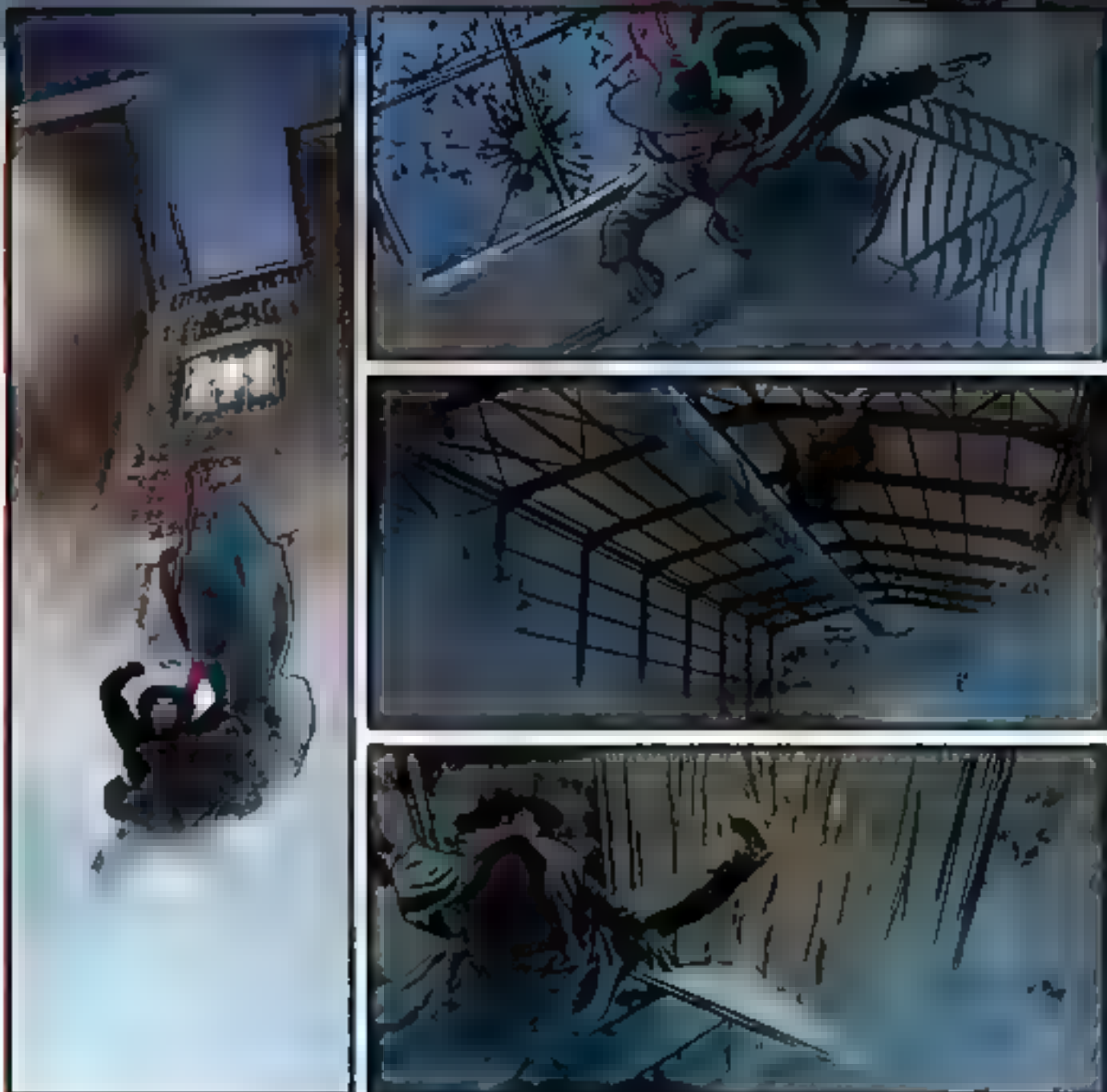
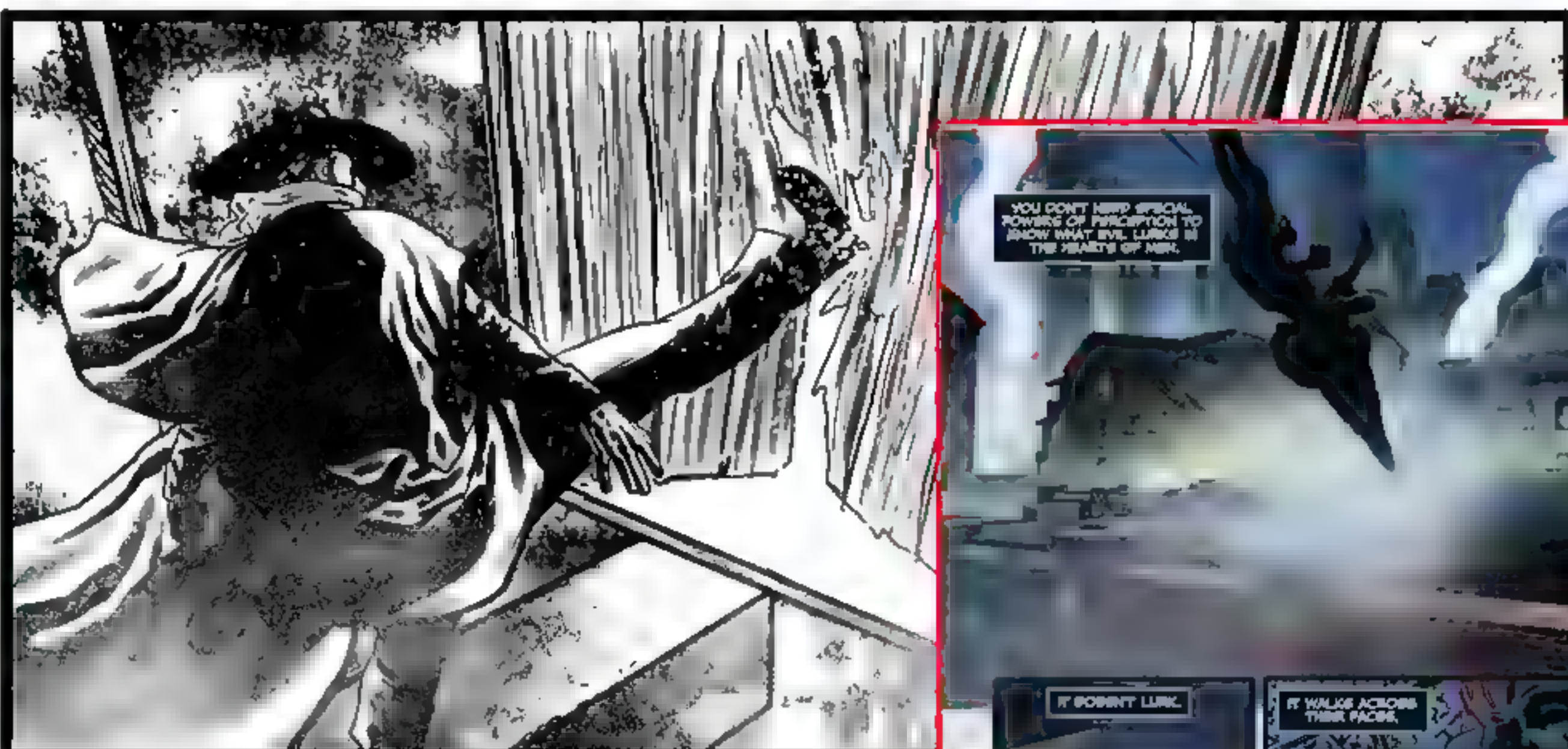
SHADOW CAP: They prune and feed it to keep it in bloom.

PANEL FOUR:

Behind The Shadow as he kicks the rotted wood door open with his heel, shattering it.

SFX: Kroom!

SHADOW CAP: They just don't call it evil.



CASTING SHADOWS

A LOOK AT THE MAKING OF *THE SHADOW: DEATH FACTORY* FROM SCRIPT TO FINAL PAGE

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PAGE TWO

PANEL ONE:

Money shot. The Shadow dives through the splintered door and down toward the camera, his guns forward and gleaming.

SHADOW CAP: But I know.

SHADOW: Hahahahaha!

PANEL TWO:

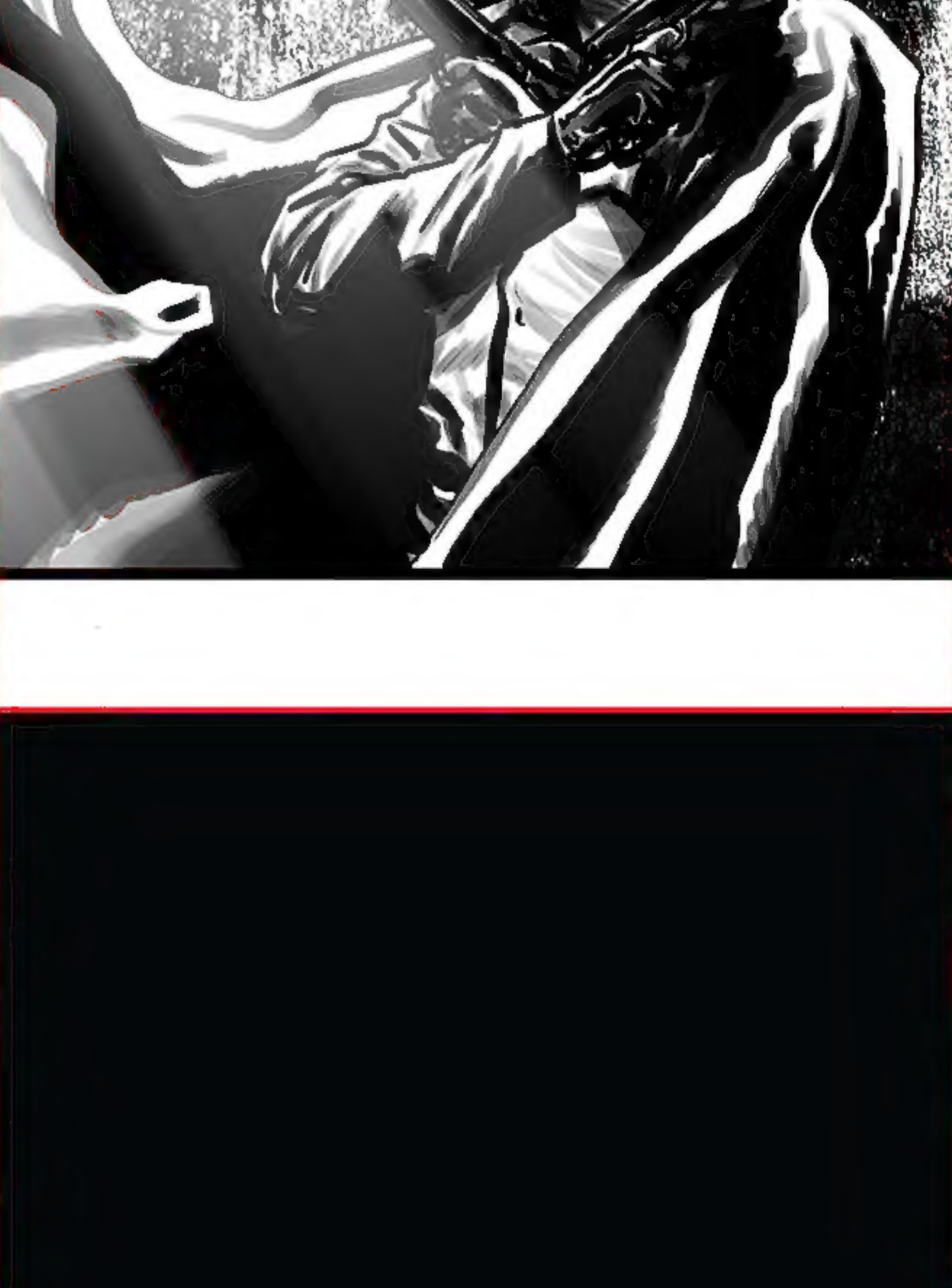
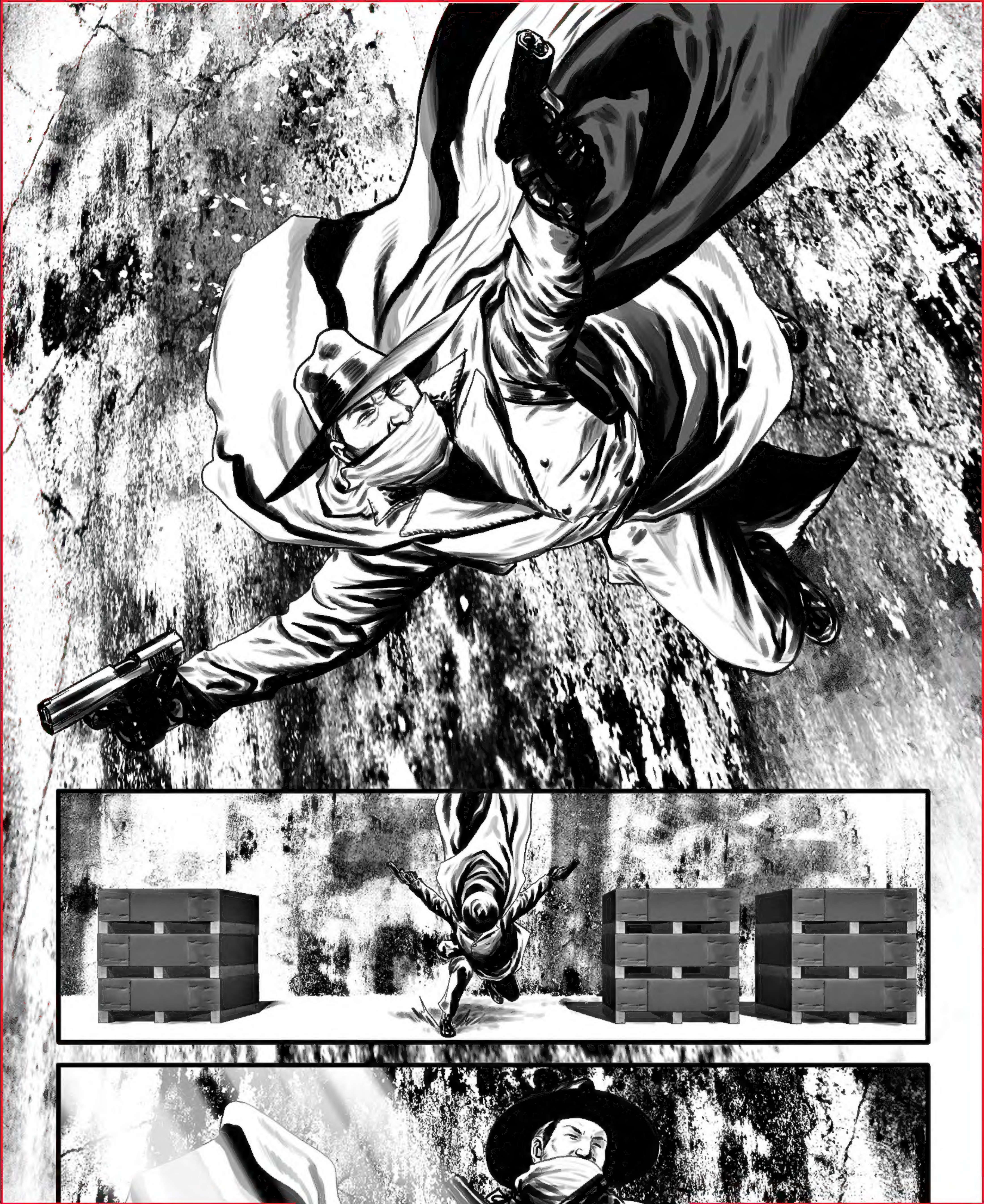
The Shadow lands in the center of the empty warehouse. Medium shot.

SHADOW CAP: The Shadow knows.

SHADOW: Haha--

PANEL THREE: The Shadow stands, his guns at his side. There's no one here. Make it clear that he expected to be interrupting a criminal enterprise that is not actually taking place. The warehouse is completely bare. Almost a comical tableau.

SHADOW (SMALL): Ha.



CASTING SHADOWS

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PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE:

Cut to the streets of Manhattan in predawn gloaming. The streets are not busy. Focus on the taxi cab of one of The Shadow's trusted agents, Shrevvy. See ref. We probably don't see it yet, but The Shadow is Shrevvy's fare.

SHREVVY (FROM TAXI): "The Shadow knows?"

PANEL TWO:

Shot through the windshield to Shrevvy in driver's seat. He's got his eyebrows raised in a confused expression. He's holding a Pulp magazine over the steering wheel, reading as he drives. The magazine is called "The Shadow Detective Magazine" and features a comically exaggerated version of The Shadow on the cover.

SHREVVY: You really say that sort of thing?

PANEL THREE:

Shrevvy looks back over his shoulder at The Shadow. There's an intersection in front of him, but he doesn't seem concerned.

SHREVVY: You oughtta ride herd on this Maxwell Grant guy. I gotta tell you, some times these stories get pretty weird.

PANEL FOUR :

Profile shot of the cab as it weaves through the intersection, Shrevvy barely looking up from his magazine.

SHREVVY: I mean, in the last issue they said you could turn invisible and walk up walls.

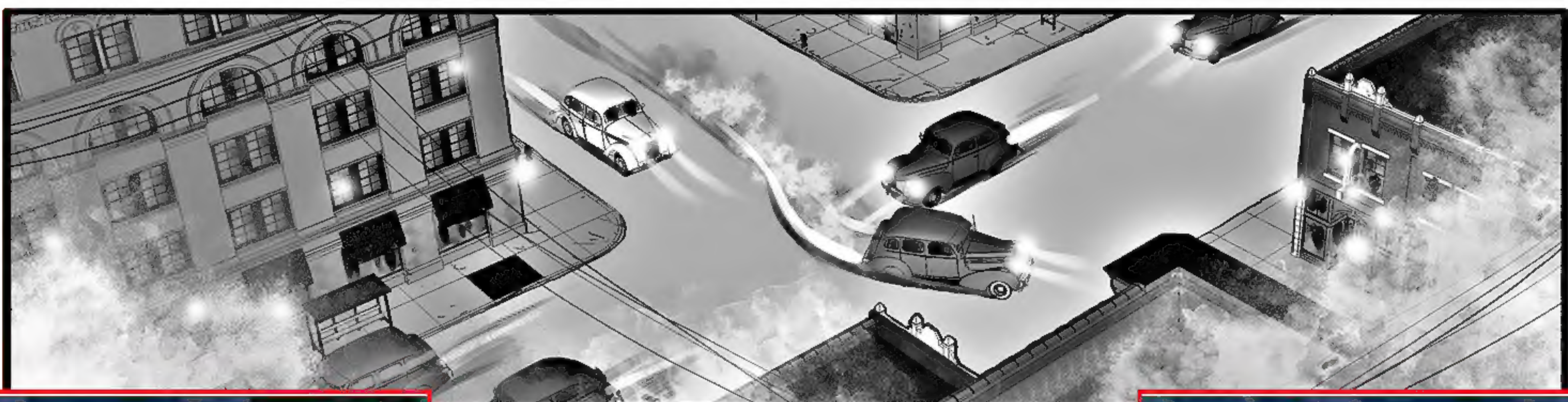
SHREVVY: And look at this one. It says you shot a guy so many times you sawed his body in half before it hit the ground.

PANEL FIVE:

Close on The Shadow glowering under his black brimmed hat.

SHADOW: True or not, the fables serve my purpose.

SHADOW: As long as they're sufficiently gruesome.



CASTING SHADOWS

A LOOK AT THE MAKING OF THE COVER TO *THE SHADOW: DEATH FACTORY*



PHIL HESTER'S UNCOLORED INKS